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ART. I.—*Madoc; by R. Southey. Quarto. 557 Pages.—London.* Longman and Co. 1806. *Price* 2l. 2s. *boards.*

EPIC Poetry has usually been ranked as the highest effort of this noble art, and it seems intitled to the distinction, because, in addition to the imagery of descriptive poetry and some intermixture of the didactic species, it has also to combine the delineations of character and passion peculiar to the drama with that majesty of subject and interesting story which the legitimate epopea is expected to exhibit. The competitors for the Epic laurel have been very numerous. Of these Homer and Milton have outstripped the rest. Virgil and Tasso head the second rank with Ariosto and Dante. Spenser and Camoens may be allowed to follow; but the Argonautica, the Pharsalia, and the Thebais may be brigaded with the Gondibert, the Henriade, the Araucana, the Leonidas, the Epigoniad, and the many others which it will be much more agreeable to enumerate than to read.

It is singular enough that the most ancient Greek Poem which we possess, or which even the Romans seem to have known, is an Epic Poem. All barbarous nations have indeed made the actions of their gods and heroes the earliest subject of their songs. But as far as we can judge from the fragments of this sect which have come down to us, they were rather of Lyric than of the Epic species. Vague panegyric, names of the battles or enemies defeated, indistinct exclamations of triumph, and violent metaphors, are for the most part all they contain; —especially those of the northern nations. They seldom reach the merit of dramatic fable, and if they do, as in the eulogy on Hacon, it is short and abrupt. Homer, on the contrary, instead of an heterogeneous assemblage of metaphors and

metonymes little analogous to what they are meant to illustrate, has commemorated his favourite heroes by a regularly conducted and complicated dramatic fable, displaying various characters in perpetual activity, and he has executed his idea so successfully that the world has been always delighted with his Poems, and has never ceased to applaud and to imitate them.

That Greece had poets before Homer who sang the actions of gods and heroes we learn from Homer himself, who mentions both Phemius and Demodocus as chanting their verses on such subjects. And though Fabricius may be right in supposing that these passages, which indicate that there were poets before Homer, do not prove that they left poems in writing; yet this is only asserting in other words the probable circumstance that traditional poetry preceded written poetry. Indeed, that Homer's poetry became written instead of being traditional may have been rather owing to those ancient men of taste, who, like Lycurgus, took pleasure in collecting and transcribing his Rhapsodies, than to his own anxiety for transmitting them to posterity.

The imperfect intimations which have come down to us of the Cyclic Poets and their subjects, concur to prove that the Iliad and Odyssey, like other great productions of genius, were preceded by ruder specimens. Time has, however, destroyed both the prototypes and the contemporary rivals, and therefore we must ever date the History of the Epic Poetry from the two compositions of the Chian Bard.

The plan which Homer pursued has been adopted by all Epic poets as their model; each, however, pursuing it so far only as his genius enabled him. Some have been servile imitators, some are rather competitors than copyists. Of all his successors Milton, Dante, and Ariosto have been most original; out of these Milton must be placed by far the first, because at the same time that he has soared to a new subject, he has pursued it with a sublimity and beauty that no others have equalled.

One of the great difficulties in Epic poetry is the invention of an interesting fable; and in this we think Mr. Southey has excelled. We think his fable as interesting as those of Tasso and Ariosto, and far more interesting than any other Epic poet's excepting Homer. The story of Homer is so much mixed up with our early impressions that no epopea can hope to excite an attention so strongly; and yet perhaps few fables could be contrived more objectionably than that of the Iliad. It will enable us to do more justice to the Poet whom we are about to review if we consider a few of its blemishes.

What modern reader would endure, that so superb a fabric as the Iliad should be built on such a foundation as that has been actually raised from? a great king is desired to give up

a female captive to her father to appease an angry god, and he begins complaining like a Jew broker that if he does so he will have so much less booty than the others had. When Achilles honorably assures him that it shall be amply compensated to him on their next success, Agamemnon will not wait; but tells the associated kings he will rob some of them of their booty. Achilles remonstrates against this as unjust, and Agamemnon, in revenge for his observations, determines to seize his female companion; she is accordingly taken from his ship, and then Achilles, instead of resenting the affront by arms, or of appealing to the other kings for their opposition to such gross tyranny, sits down and falls a crying till his mother comes to console him: nor will he be consoled till she promises him that she will persuade Jupiter to lead the king and the other unoffending Greeks into such scrapes as shall disgrace them, and then his vanity will be revenged by their sufferings. This womanish scheme is the key stone of the poem. Thetis goes and strokes Jupiter's chin, and hugs his knees; and Jupiter, after begging her not to let Juno see her lest she should scold him, sends immediately a lying dream to induce Agamemnon to lead his troops to battle. Jupiter forbids gods to help the Grecians, but allows gods to help the Trojans, till the Grecians are much distressed, and are obliged to ask the aid of Achilles. Achilles, still pouting, sends his friend first to be killed; and then, being quite satisfied, walks out himself, terrifies the whole Trojan army by his single shout, and afterwards, having secured himself by getting invulnerable armour, drives away the Trojans like sheep, kills Hector, and celebrates funeral games, and then the Poem ends.

Now it is absurd to talk of the moral of Homer's Poem, to say that he composed it to shew the disadvantages of civil feuds, &c. The moral of the fable is, that it is very unwise to offend any of Jupiter's ladies or their connections, because if this was done, they had only to go and stroke his chin and hug his knees when Juno was away, and their favourites would be made to triumph, and all opposition to be disconcerted.

In considering Mr. Southey's fable, we feel no disposition to retail the cant of the three unities, or the other rules of Aristotle and his commentators. We leave the six books and seventy eight dull chapters of Mr. Bossu to those who have the taste to write books, or to judge of them by such unprofitable aids. A man might as well hope to become a great painter by getting by heart the heavy quarto of De la Lairesse, as to write successfully an epopea with Bossu's treatise by his side. If the story of an Epic poem be composed on important and interesting subjects, and be so skilfully conducted as to excite strongly the attention without distracting

it, we think it has attained an excellence which very few have reached, and we feel that Madoc has succeeded in this great point. After we had begun this poem, no other book had attractions enough to draw us from it, and when we took it up again, after the interval of some months, for the purpose of reviewing it, we have found it to take the same hold on our attention as before.

Another great merit of Mr. Southey's poem is a remarkable felicity of Epic narration. This is an excellence distinct from the occasional bursts of poetry and imagery, and the display of character which epopeas must also contain: it is a beauty of its own, which Homer, Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser have very successfully attained. The great defect of Epic poetry in the greatest number of instances is the want of this. Lucan, Voltaire, and Statius have none of it. To make an Epic poem entirely of high-wrought poetical passages would be to make an exquisite statue, an Apollo Belvidere, instead of a living animated man. That happy selection of marking circumstances in an easy and graceful diction, which paint the incidents narrated impressively on the mind of the reader, is the excellence we allude to, and it pervades the Madoc. The story is told by Mr. Southey with unabated and continued interest, and with perpetual nature. The living narrator always appears. The pompous and elaborate author never. The poem is a series of fine drawings, sometimes highly finished, sometimes only rapid outlines; but always picturesque and usually striking. We think that Homer in the original excels in this felicity of Epic narration; but we would mention Pope's artificial translation of his Iliad as remarkably deficient in it. Cowper's translation is better in this respect; but he has not the easy dignity and flowing harmony which with a few exceptions characterise the Madoc. Pope is too much on stilts, and Cowper is often too plain. Southey's is a happy medium. We have said, however, with a few exceptions; because there are some lines unnecessarily feeble, and which the change of a word in each might easily alter. Homer has the same fault of nodding occasionally. His eternal repetition of particular lines and phrases, the recurrence, sometimes of whole passages either speeches or descriptions, and many lines that seem extremely careless, make him very unlike the less natural but more polished Virgil.

In Mr. Southey's Thalaba we had a poem truly Arabesque; full of all the wildness of a rich fancy purposely extravagant, but extremely interesting, and frequently containing pictures of exquisite beauty. This poem, however, exhibited some peculiarities of metre not always well chosen. Often indeed the variety of the metre happily suited the wildness of the tale, but in a few instances it was not so apposite. The

Madoc being a graver poem is in this respect unoffending. Its poetic measure is uniform, and presents to us a delightful specimen of blank verse very harmonious and flowing; sometimes rising to the full Miltonic strength, and sometimes excelling its master in its grace and beauty.

In criticising Mr. Southey's style we cannot avoid adverting to another of its peculiarities. He has been classed among the school who have thrown aside the rich brocade of that poetry which Mr. Pope had united with great genius, but which, after him, was carried to such an excess as to become almost caricature. The author of the Baviad and Mæviad struck at one branch of this foppish poetry. But still much of it continued to be so popular among us, that there was great danger that poetry would at last have become nothing else than highly-polished versification—a mere collocation of words—a poetic pedantism destitute of passion, of imagery, and of nature. It is impossible to recollect the many poems which have issued from the school of Mr. Pope so faultless in their versification but so void of any thing else, without feeling that modern poetry was fast becoming something as unlike the poetry of Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton as a great wax doll is unlike a beautiful woman full of sensibility and grace.

At this epoch so dangerous for our taste a Burns and a Cowper appeared; who had never used these swaddling clothes, but who moved and thought with much of Nature's genuine energy and freedom. These struck the first sparks of reformation. Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge then arose, determined to break the degrading charm that was imprisoning our real taste and feeling. They boldly appealed to Nature, and made simplicity their study as much as the other class pursued only art. The consequence has been a great improvement; a revivification of our poetical character.

It is true of these as of all reformers that they have sometimes gone into extremes. They have sometimes not only torn off the lace, but they have likewise rent the garment. In removing the cumbersome decorations of false taste, they have sometimes exposed the nudity of Nature. This, however, is an evil that will soon correct itself. Simplicity is a great ornament to true beauty, but it must not become slovenly and vulgar. Our charming countrywomen are now shewing us in their dress, that it is possible to combine the most impressive elegance with simplicity. True taste will soon discern the happy medium between that simplicity which adorns, and that vulgar negligence which offends. Let us, however, hail the career of those men whose literary efforts are hastening this happy period—who are now shewing us that it is as true of poetry as of beauty, that

when unadorned by the affectations of art, it is adorned the most; and that when most thoughtless of beauty, it is beauty's self. Let us be grateful for the good they have done, and the works they have produced, without looking *only* at their occasional defects!

The story on which Mr. Southey has founded his Madoc is sufficiently historical for his purpose. While the brethren of Madoc were struggling with each other for the sovereignty of Wales, he quitted his country with his companions in search of a more peaceful station. The earliest notice of him in the Welsh remains, is in the Triads, where it is said, "Madawg, "the son of Owain Gwynedd, went to sea, and three "hundred with him in ten ships; but it is not known "what place they went to." Later traditions state that by sailing westward he reached an unknown land, and returned to Wales to persuade his friends to join him in colonizing it. After his second voyage he was heard of no more. When America became known to us in a subsequent age, it was inferred that Madoc must have reached it, and a great many accounts with very different degrees of probability have since that time appeared, that there is a race of white Indians on some of the branches of the Missouri who are more civilized than the other Indians, and who speak a different language. No traveller has however yet explored their country, and therefore their existence is only a matter of rumour and tradition.

Mr. Southey opens his poem with the return of Madoc to Wales after his first voyage. He relates to his brother his voyage to America, and his occurrences on that continent. He remains some time with his friends in Wales, and then sails again with a larger train of followers who reach the spot of their former settlement. As the Mexicans were about this period residing in the northern district of America under the name of Aztecas, it was a fair object of Epic story to connect them with Madoc. His conflicts and transactions with them occupy the rest of the book.

The fact of the Mexican nation having emigrated to that part of South America where the Spaniards found them, from North America, has been happily seized on by the poet to give additional interest to his story. At the period when Madoc lived, the Mexicans under the name of Aztecas were residing in north America; the chief city named Aztlan. The poet has embraced the opportunity with great judgment of introducing a new race of beings into Epic poetry; and certainly of all the systems of national opinions which have appeared in the world; none are more calculated to excite those great agents of sympathy, we mean pity and terror, than the Mexican manners.

The Mexican superstitions were peculiarly terrible. In some points they bear a striking analogy with the Carthaginian, from which they were probably derived. They seem to have exceeded those of all other nations in bloodshed and horror, and to form a fit counterpart with that idolatry of Moloch in Palestine, against which the Jews were so emphatically warned. The wars of the Spaniards against the Mexicans were atrocious in principle and often in conduct. But we think that the destruction of the Mexican superstitions was a great addition to human happiness, especially if we advert to the probability that as this nation was very warlike, was more intelligent than its neighbours, and was becoming very flourishing, it would probably have extended its manners and its conquests over both parts of America if the Europeans had not discovered it.

Mr. Southey in this Epic poem has attained, without any gross or improper violation of historical probability, the enviable fortune of introducing two new sets of manners and characters. Such happy originality was exhibited by Homer, by Milton, and by Tasso, with great success. The Madoc yields to none in this desirable point. The manners of the antient Welsh and of the Mexicans were completely unlike each other, and as dissimilar to any which had before been made to assume the Epic dress.

This novelty, at the same time that it makes the Madoc peculiarly interesting, accomplishes another important point. It holds up to us, and assists in rescuing from oblivion, two great pictures of original national manners. No subject of human curiosity is more curious and instructive than the contemplation of the manners of nations when the minds of the people have emerged from the sluggishness and stupidity of savage life, and begin to be active with imperfect civilization, and with strongly marked and peculiar opinions. The Mexicans when they became known to us were exactly in this state. The Welsh, although more civilized, yet had retained so many of the customs of their ancestors, and had been so interrupted in their civilization by their civil feuds and misfortunes as to present an original character. Mr. Southey has exhibited the opinions and customs of the two nations with great historic truth, animated with the most impressive poetry.

The characters of the Mexicans and other Indians are both original and strongly marked, as a few specimens will shew. Amalahta the son of Erillyab is thus pourtrayed:

> ..... She, with eye
> And countenance that spake no feigned delight,
> Welcomed her great deliverer. But her son
> Had Nature charactered so legibly,
> That when his tongue told fair, his face bewrayed

The lurking falsehood ; sullen, slow of speech,
Savage, down-looking, dark, that at his words
Of welcome, Madoc, in his heart conceived
Instinctive enmity.'—P. 207.

'While he spake, Erillyab past
The horn to Amalahta. Sparingly !
Madoc exclaimed ; but when the savage felt
The luscious flavour, and the poignant life,
He heeded nought beyond the immediate joy.
Deep did he drink, and still with clenching hands
Struggled, when from his lips, unsatisfied,
Erillyab plucked the cup, with sharp reproof
Chiding his stubborn wilfulness. Ere long
The generous liquor flushed him : he could feel
His blood play faster, and the joyful dance
Of animal life within him. Bolder grown,
He at Goervyl lifts no longer now
The secret glance, but gloats with greedy eye;
Till, at the long and loathsome look abashed,
She rose, and nearer to her brother drew,
On light pretence of speech, being half in fear.'—P. 216.

The character of Neolin, as a priest full of superstitious craft and ignorant enthusiasm, is new and very well drawn ; but the interesting incidents and speeches which display it would be too long for insertion here.

Tlalala the Mexican is sketched with great spirit. On being released from Madoc, he is thus described :

'Silently the savage heard ;
Joy brightened in his eyes, as they unloosed
His bonds ; he stretched his arms at length, to feel
His liberty, and, like a greyhound then
Slipt from the leash, he bounded o'er the hills.
What was from early morning till noon day
The steady travel of a well-girt man,
He, with fleet feet and unfatiguable,
In three short hours hath traversed ; in the lake
He dashed, now shooting forth his pointed arms,
Arrow-like darting on ; recumbent now,
Forces, with springing feet, his easier way ;
Then with new speed, as freshened by repose,
Again he breasts the waters. On the shore
Of Aztlan now he stands, and breathes at will,
And wrings his dripping locks ; then through the gate
Pursued his way.'—P. 264.

And again,

..... 'The assembled Chiefs
Saw Tlalala approach, more welcome now,
As one whose absence from the appointed rites

Had wakened fear and wonder. . . Think not ye,
The youth exclaimed, careless impiety
Could this day lead me wandering. I went forth
To dip my javelin in the Stranger's blood, . .
A sacrifice, methought, our Gods had loved
To scent, and sooner hasten to enjoy.
I failed, and fell a prisoner; but their fear
Released me, . . coward fear, or idiot hope,
That, like Yuhidthiton, I might become
Their friend, and merit chastisement from Heaven,
Pleading the Stranger's cause. They bade me go
And proffer peace. . . Chiefs, were it possible
That tongue of mine could win you to that shame,
Up would I pluck the member, though my soul
Followed its bloody roots. The Stranger finds
No peace in Aztlan, but the peace of death!'—P. 267.

The impetuous and active character of Tlalala is carefully preserved. We find him the first to offer to procure one of the friends of Madoc to be sacrificed on their altars at the requisition of the priest. He sets off with another friend, Ocelopan, surnamed the Blood-shedder, on the expedition to obtain a victim for the priests. Their progress is well stated, and may be adduced as a specimen of the animated descriptions which abound in this poem.

'Meantime from Aztlan, on their enterprize,
Shedder of Blood, and Tyger of the War,
Ocelopan and Tlalala set forth.
With chosen followers, through the silent night,
Silent they travelled on. After a way
Circuitous, and far through lonely tracks,
They reached the mountains, and amid the shade
Of thickets covering the uncultured slope,
Their patient ambush placed. The Chiefs alone
Held on, till winding in ascent they reached
The heights which o'er the Britons' mountain hold
Impended; there they stood, and by the moon,
Who yet, with undiminished lustre, shone
High in the dark-blue firmament, from thence
Explored the steep descent. Precipitous
The rock beneath them lay, a sudden cliff,
Bare and unbroken; in its midway holes,
Where never hand could reach, or eye intrude,
The eagle built her eyrie. Farther on,
Its interrupted crags and ancient woods
Offered a difficult way. From crag to crag,
By rocky shelf, by trunk, or root, or bough,
A painful toil and perilous, they past.
And now, stretched out amid the matted shrubs,

Which, at the entrance of the valley, clothed
The rugged bank, they crouched.
By this the stars
Grew dim; the glow-worm hath put out her lamp;
The owls have ceased their night-song. On the top
Of yon magnolia the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree
Extends the wakening watch-note, far and wide,
Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry.
Now breaks the morning; but as yet no foot
Hath marked the dews, nor sound of man is heard.
Then first Ocelopan beheld, where near,
Beneath the shelter of a half-roofed hut,
A sleeping stranger lay. He pointed him
To Tlalala. The Tyger looked around:
None else was nigh. .. Shall I descend, he said,
And strike him? here is none to see the deed.
We offered to the Gods our mingled blood
Last night; and now, I deem it, they present
An offering which shall more propitiate them,
And omen sure success. I will go down
And kill!
He said, and, gliding like a snake,
Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his way.
Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his dreams
Of Britain and the blue-eyed Maid he loved.
The Azteca stood over him; he knew
His victim, and the power of vengeance gave
Malignant joy. Once hast thou 'scaped my arm;
But what shall save thee now? the Tyger thought,
Exulting; and he raised his spear to strike.
That instant, o'er the Briton's unseen harp
The gale of morning past, and swept its strings
Into so sweet a harmony, that sure
It seemed no earthly tone. The savage man
Suspends his stroke; he looks astonished round;
No human hand is near; .. and hark! again
The aerial music swells and dies away.
Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear.
He thought that some protecting Spirit lived
Beside the stranger, and, abashed, withdrew.'—P. 282.

They had the fortune to surprise and seize Madoc, and brought him to be the victim. Tlalala's fierceness and yet generous valour are strongly exhibited in his proposal not to sacrifice a warrior ignominiously on the altars, but by a woman's arms.

'And behold
The Tyger comes! and ere the shouts and sounds
Of gratulation cease, his followers bear
The captive Prince. At that so welcome sight
Loud rose the glad acclaim; nor knew they yet

That he, who there lay patient in his bonds,
Expecting the inevitable lot,
Was Madoc. Patient in his bonds he lay,
Exhausted with vain efforts, desperate now,
And silently resigned. But when the King
Approached the prisoner, and beheld his face,
And knew the Chief of Strangers, at that sound
Electric joy shot through the multitude,
And, like the raging of the hurricane,
Their thundering transports pealed. A deeper joy,
A nobler triumph kindled Tlalala,
As, limb by limb, his eye surveyed the Prince,
With a calm fierceness. And by this the Priests
Approached their victim, clad in vestments white,
Of sacrifice, which from the shoulders fell,
As from the breast, unbending, broad and straight,
Leaving their black arms bare. The blood-red robe,
The turquoise pendant from his down drawn lip,
The crown of glossy plumage, whose green hue
Vied with his emerald ear-drops, marked their Chief,
Tezozomoc: his thin and ghastly cheek,
Which, .. save the temple serpents, when he brought
Their human banquet, . . never living eye
Rejoiced to see, became more ghastly now,
As, in Mexitli's name, upon the Prince
He laid his murtherous hand. But as he spake,
Updarted Tlalala his eagle glance. . .
Away! away! he shall not perish so!
The warrior cried. . . Not tamely, by the knife,
Nor on the jasper-stone, his blood shall flow!
The Gods of Aztlan love a Warrior-Priest!
I am their Priest to-day!

A murmuring
Ran through the train; nor waited he to hear
Denial thence; but on the multitude
Aloud he called. . . When first our fathers seized
This land, there was a savage Chief who stopt
Their progress. He had gained the rank he bore,
By long probation: stripes, which laid his flesh
All bleeding bare, had forced not one complaint;
Not, when the working bowels might be seen,
One movement: hand-bound, he had been confined
When myriad insects on his nakedness
Infixed their venomous anger, and no start,
No shudder, shook his frame; last, in a net
Suspended he had felt the agony
Of fire, which to his bones and marrow pierced,
And breathed the suffocating smoke which filled
His lungs with fire, without a groan, a breath,
A look betokening sense so gallantly
Had he subdued his nature. This brave man
Met Aztlan in the war, and put her Chiefs

To shame. Our Elders have not yet forgot
How from the slaughtered brother of their King
He stript the skin, and formed of it a drum,
Whose sound affrighted armies. With this man
My father coped in battle; here he led him,
An offering to the God; and, man to man,
He slew him here in fight. I was a child,
Just old enough to lift my father's shield;
But I remember, on that glorious day,
When from the sacred combat he returned,
His red hands reeking with the hot heart's-blood,
How in his arms he took me, and besought
The God whom he had served, to bless his boy,
And make me like my father, Men of Aztlan!
Mextili heard his prayer! . . Here I have brought
The Stranger-Chief, the noblest sacrifice
That ever graced the altar of the God;
Let, then, his death be noble! So my boy
Shall, in the day of battle, think of me;
And, as I followed my brave father's steps,
Pursue my path of glory.
Ere the Priest
Could frame denial, had the Monarch's look
Bespake assent. . . Refuse not this, he cried,
O Servant of the Gods! He hath not here
His arms to save him; and the Tyger's strength
Yields to no mortal might. Then for his sword
He called, and bade Yuhidthiton address
The Stranger Chief.
Yuhidthiton began,
The Gods of Aztlan triumph, and thy blood
Must wet their altars. Prince, thou shalt not die
The coward's death; but, sworded, and in fight,
Fall as becomes the valiant. Should thine arm
Subdue, in battle, six successive foes,
Life, liberty, and glory, will repay
The noble conquest. Madoc, hope not this!
Strong are the brave of Aztlan!'—P. 306.

Ocelopan who is drawn as a different character from Tlalala, with more fierceness and without any generous feelings, obtains the lot to fight with Madoc first. We shall give this battle, not only as full of original description, but as exhibiting a curious instance of Mexican manners, with whom this warlike and peculiar mode of sacrificing a captive was not uncommon.

'And now opposed
In battle, on the stone of sacrifice,
Prince Madoc and the Life-Destroyer stood.
This, clad in arms complete, free to advance

In quick assault, or shun the threatening blow,
Wielding his wonted sword; the other, stript,
Save of that fragile shield, of all defence;
His weapon strange and cumbrous; and pinne down,
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.

With looks of greedy joy, Ocelopan
Surveyed his foe, and wondered to behold
The breast so broad, the bare and brawny limbs,
Of matchless strength. The eye of Madoc, too,
Dwelt on his foe; his countenance was calm,
Something more pale than wonted, like a man
Prepared to meet his death. The Azteca
Fiercely began to fight; now here, now there,
Aright, aleft, above, below, he wheeled
The rapid sword: still Madoc's rapid eye
Pursued the motion, and his ready shield,
In prompt interposition, caught the blow,
Or turned its edge aside. Nor did the Prince
Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it forth,
Another shield, to save him, till his hand,
Familiar with its weight and shape uncouth,
Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus stood he,
Baffling the impatient enemy, who now
Waxed wrathful, thus to waste in idle strokes,
Reiterate so oft, his bootless strength.
And now yet more exasperate he grew;
For, from the eager multitude, was heard,
Amid the din of undistinguished sounds,
The Tyger's murmured name, as though they thought,
Had he been on the stone, ere this, besure,
The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,
Now all too long delayed. Then fiercelier,
And yet more rapidly, he drove the sword;
But still the wary Prince or met its fall,
And broke the force, or bent him from the blow;
And now retiring, and advancing now,
As one free foot permitted, still provoked,
And baffled still, the savage; and sometimes,
With cautious strength, did Madoc aim attack,
Mastering each moment now with abler sway
The acquainted sword. But, though as yet unharmed
In life or limb, more perilous the strife
Grew momently; for, with repeated strokes,
Battered and broken now, the shield hung loose;
And shouts of triumph from the multitude
Arose, as, piece-meal, they beheld it fall,
And saw the Prince exposed.
That welcome sight,
Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocelopan;
He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient now
Of conquest long delayed, with wilder rage

He drives the weapon; Madoc's lifted sword
Received its edge, and shivered with the blow.
A shriek of transport burst from all around;
For lo! the White King, shieldless, weaponless,
Naked before his foe! That savage foe,
Dallying with the delight of victory,
Drew back a moment, to enjoy the sight,
Then yelled in triumph, and sprang on to give
The consummating blow. Madoc beheld
The coming death; he darted up his hand,
Instinctively, to save, and caught the wrist
In its mid fall, and drove, with desperate force,
The splintered truncheon of his broken sword
Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his eye
It broke its way, and, where the nasal nerves
Branch, in fine fibrils, o'er their mazy seat,
Burst through, and, slanting upward, in the brain
Buried its jagged point.'—P. 316.

Mr. Southey is peculiarly happy in his conception and description of the Mexican superstition, and of the characters of those priests by whom such a terrible engine of delusion and enthusiasm was upheld.

The Mexicans were taught, that on a certain day in the year their gods in person visited the temple. A great feast was celebrated on the occasion. The presence of the gods was known by footsteps suddenly appearing on the maise that was scattered on the threshold.

'Green garlands deck the gate;
Gay are the temples with green boughs affixed;
The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths;
The fire of sacrifice, with flames bedimmed,
Burns, in the sunlight, pale; the victims wait
Around, impatient of their death delayed.
The Priest, before Tezcalipoca's shrine,
Watches the maize-strewn threshold, to announce
The footsteps of the God; for this the day,
When to his favoured city he vouchsafes
His annual presence, and, with unseen feet,
Imprints the maize-strewn threshold; followed soon
By all whose altars with eternal fires
Aztlan illumed, and fed with human blood; ..
Mexitli, woman-born, who from the womb,
Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,
The armed avenger of his mother's fame;
And he whose will the subject Winds obey,
Quetzalcoal, and Tlaloc, Water-God,
And all the host of Deities, whose power
Requites with bounty Aztlan's pious zeal,
Health and rich increase giving to her sons,
And withering in the war her enemies.

So taught the Priests, and therefore were the gates
Gréen-garlanded, the temples green with boughs,
The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths;
And yonder victims, ranged around the fire,
Are destined, with the steam of sacrifice,
To greet their cursed coming.'—265.

But the chiefs and people wait in vain; no gods arrive. The description of this interval is fine.

'While they spake,
The ceaseless sound of song and instrument
Rung through the air, now rising like the voice
Of angry ocean, now subsiding soft,
As when the breeze of evening dies away.
The horn, and shrill-toned pipe, and drum, that gave
Its music to the hand, and hollowed wood,
Drum-like, whose thunders, ever and anon,
Commingling with the sea-shell's spiral roar,
Closed the full harmony. And now the eve
Past on, and, through the twilight visible,
The frequent fire-flies' brightening beauties shone.
Anxious and often now the Priest surveyed
The maize-strewn threshold; for the wonted hour
Was come, and yet no footsteps of the God!
More radiant now the fire of sacrifice,
Fed to full fury, blazed, and its red smoke
Imparted to the darker atmosphere
Such obscure light, as, o'er Vesuvio seen
Or pillared upon Etna's mountain head,
Makes darkness dreadful. In the captives' cheeks
Then might a livid paleness have been seen,
And wilder terror in their ghastly eyes,
Expecting momently the pang of death.
Soon in the multitude a doubt arose,
Which none durst mention, lest his neighbour's fears,
Divulged, should strengthen his. . . . the hour was past,
And yet no foot had marked the sprinkled maize.'—P. 269.

To the expecting people, the arrival of Tezozomoc, the Great High Priest of their dismal idolatry, is announced.

'Now every moment gave their doubts new force,
And each alarmed eye disclosed the fear
Which trembled on the tongue, when to the King,
Emaciate like some bare anatomy,
And deadly pale, Tezozomoc was led,
By two supporting Priests. Ten painful months,
Immured amid the forest, had he dwelt,
In abstinence and solitary prayer
Passing his nights and days: thus did the Gods
From their High Priest exact, when they enforced,

By danger or distress, the penance due
For public sins; and he had dwelt ten months,
Praying and fasting and in solitude,
Till now might every bone of his lean limbs
Be told, and in his starved and bony face
The living eye appeared unnatural, . .
A ghostly sight.'—P. 271.

His speech exhibits a very poetical picture of his superstitions.

'Ten weary months
Have the raw maize and running water been
My only food; but not a grain of maize
Hath stayed the gnawing appetite, nor drop
Of water cooled my parched and painful tongue,
Since yester morn arose. Fasting I prayed,
And, praying, gashed myself; and all night long,
I watched and wept and supplicated Heaven,
Till the weak flesh, its life-blood almost drained,
Sunk with the long austerity: a dread
Of death came over me; a deathy chill
Ran through my veins, and loosened every limb;
Dim grew my eyes; and I could feel my heart,
Dying away within me, intermit
Its slow and feeble throbs, then suddenly
Start, as it seemed exerting all its force
In one last effort. On the ground I fell,
I know not if entranced, or dead indeed,
But without motion, hearing, sight, or sense,
Feeling, or breath, or life. From that strange state,
Even in such blessed freedom from all pain,
That sure I thought myself in very Heaven,
I woke, and raised my eyelids, and beheld
A light, which seemed to penetrate my bones
With life and health. Before me, visible,
Stood Coatlantona; a wreath of flowers
Circled her hair, and from their odorous leaves
Arose a lambent flame; not fitfully,
Nor with faint flash or spark of earthly flowers;
From these, for ever flowing forth, there played,
In one perpetual dance of pointed light,
The azure radiance of innocuous fire.
She spake. . . Hear, Aztlan! and give ear, O King!
She said, Not yet the offended Gods relax
Their anger; they require the Stranger's blood,
The foretaste of their banquet. Let their will
Be known to Aztlan, and the brave perform
Their bidding; I, meantime, will seek to soothe,
With all a mother's power, Mexitli's wrath.
So let the Maidens daily with fresh flowers
Garland my temple! . . Daily with fresh flowers

Garland her temple, Aztlan! and revere
The gentle mother of thy guardian God!
And let the brave, exclaimed young Tlalala,
Perform her bidding! Servant of the Gods,
Declare their will! . . Is it, that I should seek
The strangers, in the first who meets my way
To plunge the holy weapon? Say thou to me,
Do this! . . and I depart to do the deed,
Though my life-blood should mingle with the foe's.'—P. 273.

The temples are well described, with much strength of poetical conception, as well as with historic truth.

'So saying, to the Temple of the God
He led the way. The warriors followed him;
And, with his chiefs, Coanocotzin went,
To grace with all solemnity the rite.
They pass the Wall of Serpents, and ascend
The massive fabric; four times they surround
Its ample square, the fifth, they reach the height.
There, on the level top, two temple-towers
Were reared; the one Tezcalipoca's fane,
Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily Priest
Stood, watchful for his presence, and observed
The maize-strewn threshold. His the other pile,
By whose peculiar power and patronage
Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born.
Before the entrance, the eternal fire
Was burning; bare of foot they entered there.

On a blue throne, which four huge silver snakes,
As if the keepers of the sanctuary,
Circled, with stretching neck and fangs displayed,
Mexitli sate; another graven snake
Belted with scales of gold his monster bulk.
Around the neck a loathsome collar hung,
Of human hearts; the face was masked with gold;
His specular eyes seemed fire; one hand upreared
A club, the other, as in battle, held
The shield; and over all, suspended, hung
The banner of the nation. They beheld
In awe, and knelt before the Terrible God.'—P. 278.

The arrival of the long expected gods is finely described.

Are all the rites performed?
Ocelopan enquired. Yea, all is done,
Answered the Priest. Go! and the guardian God
Of Aztlan be your guide!
They left the fane.
Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by

The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up
A long blue flame. He started; he exclaimed,
The God! the God! Tezcalipoca's Priest
Echoed the welcome cry, The God! the God!
For lo! his footsteps mark the maize-strewn floor!
A mighty shout from all the multitude
Of Aztlan rose; they cast into the fire
The victims, whose last shrieks of agony
Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy.
Then louder from the spiral sea-shell's depth
Swelled the full roar, and from the hollow wood
Pealed deeper thunders; round the choral band,
The circling nobles, gay with gorgeous plumes,
And gems which sparkled to the midnight fire,
Moved in the solemn dance; each in his hand,
In measured movements, lifts the feathery shield,
And shakes a rattling ball to measured sounds.
With quicker step, the inferior chiefs without,
Equal in number, but in just array,
The spreading radii of the mystic wheel,
Revolve; and, outermost, the youths roll round,
In motions rapid as their quickened blood.
So thus, with song and harmony, the night
Past on in Aztlan, and all hearts rejoiced.'—P. 280.

On seizing a child from the Britons to be sacrificed to Tlaloc, their God of the Waters; we have a great deal of rich poetical description and character. The contrast of the captured child, the dismal priest, and the attendant virgins, is very fine.

'Good tidings travel fast. . . . The chief is seen;
He hastens on; he holds the child on high;
He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan spreads the news;
Each to his neighbour tells the happy tale, . .
Joy, . . joy to Aztlan! the Blood-Shedder comes!
Tlaloc hath given his victim.
Ah, poor child!
They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee,
Warriors, and men grown grey, and youths and maids;
Exulting, forth they crowd. The mothers throng
To view thee, and while, thinking of thy doom,
They clasp their own dear infants to the breast
With deeper love, delighted think that thou
Shalt suffer for them. He, poor child, admires
The strange array; with wonder he beholds
Their olive limbs, half bare, their plumy crowns,
And gazes round and round, where all was new,
Forgetful of his fears. But when the Priest
Approached to take him from the Warrior's arms,
Then Hoel screamed, and from that hideous man
Averting, to Ocelopan he turned,
And would have clung to him, so dreadful late,

Stern as he was, and terrible of eye,
Less dreadful than the Priest, whose dark aspect,
Which Nature with her harshest characters
Had featured, art made worse. His cowl was white;
His untrimmed hair, a long and loathsome mass,
With cotton cords intwisted, clung with gum,
And matted with the blood, which, every morn,
He from his temples drew before the God,
In sacrifice: bare were his arms, and smeared
Black: but his countenance a stronger dread
Than all the horrors of that outward garb,
Struck with quick instinct to young Hoel's heart;
It was a face, whose settled sullenness
No gentle feeling ever had disturbed;
Which, when he probed a victim's living breast,
Retained its hard composure.
Such was he
Who took the son of Llaian, heeding not
His cries and screams, and arms, in suppliant guise,
Stretched out to all around, and strugglings vain.
He to the Temple of the Water God
Conveyed his victim. By the threshold, there
The ministering Virgins stood, a comely band
Of high born damsels, to the temple rites
By pious parents vowed. Gladly to them
The little Hoel leapt; their gentle looks
No fear excited; and he gazed around,
Pleased and surprised, unconscious to what end
These things were tending. O'er the rush strewn floor
They, to the azure Idol, led the child,
Now not reluctant, and they raised the hymn.'—P. 290.

We cannot avoid transcribing part of the subsequent description.

'Now from the rush-strewn temple they depart.
They place their smiling victim in a car,
Upon whose sides of pearly shell there played,
Shading and shifting still, the rainbow light.
On virgin shoulders is he borne aloft.
With dance before, and song and music round;
And thus they seek, in festival array,
The water-side. There lies the sacred bark,
All gay with gold, and garlanded with flowers:
The virgins with the joyous boy embark;
Ten boatmen urge them on; the Priests behind
Follow, and all the long solemnity.
The lake is overspread with boats; the sun
Shines on the gilded prows, the feathery crowns,
The sparkling waves. Green islets float along,
Where high-born damsels, under jasmin bowers,
Raise the sweet voice, to which the echoing oars,

In modulated motion, rise and fall.
The moving multitude along the shore
Flows like a stream; bright shines the unclouded sky;
Heaven, earth, and waters wear one face of joy.
Young Hoel with delight beholds the pomp;
His heart throbs joyfully; and if he thinks
Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear
He hath on his return. Meantime, the maids
Weave garlands for his head, and pour the song.'—P. 291.

It is equally interesting when they take up the child to immerse him in the cavern.

'So as they sung young Hoel's song of death,
With rapid strength the boatmen plied their oars,
And through the water swift they glided on.
And now to shore they drew. The stately bank
Rose, with the majesty of woods o'erhung,
And rocks, or peering through the forest shade,
Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk
Glassing its dark deep waters. Half way up,
A cavern pierced the rock; no human foot
Had trod its depths, nor ever sunbeam pierced
Its long recesses and mysterious gloom.
To Tlaloc it was hallowed; and the stone,
Which closed its entrance, never was removed,
Save when the yearly festival returned,
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
The living victim. Up the winding path,
That to the entrance of the cavern led,
With many a painful step, the train ascend:
But many a time, upon that long ascent,
Young Hoel would have paused, with weariness
Exhausted now. They urge him on, .. poor child!
They urge him on! .. Where is Cadwallon's aid?
Where is the sword of Ririd? where the arm
Of Madoc now? .. Oh! better had he lived,
Unknowing and unknown, on Arvon's plain,
And trod upon his noble father's grave,
With peasant feet, unconscious! .. They have reached
The cavern now, and from its mouth the Priests
Roll the huge portal. Thitherward they force
The son of Llaian. A cold air comes out; ..
It chills him, and his feet recoil; .. in vain
His feet recoil; .. in vain he turns to fly,
Affrighted at the sudden gloom that spreads
Around; .. the den is closed, and he is left
In solitude and darkness, .. left to die!'—P. 296.

The characters of the Aztecas or Mexicans are far more vividly drawn, and are much more discriminated than those of

the Welsh, and yet Madoc, David, Llewellyn, Emma, and Goervyl, are well distinguished by peculiar features.

The Bards of the ancient Britons are exhibited by Mr. Southey with much effect, and their songs are very interesting—but as we are encroaching on our usual limits, we can only refer our readers to the poem for these passages.

Mr. Southey peculiarly excels in the songs, and hymns, and speeches which display the Mexican superstitions; he has contrived to introduce in a small compass their leading opinions and mythology, and to cloathe them in the most animated poetry. We cannot refrain from inserting part of one of these on their idol Mexitli, which is peculiarly beautiful.

> 'They formed the dance,
> They raised the hymn, and sung Mexitli's praise.
> Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
> Mexitli, guardian God! . . From whence art thou,
> O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
> Whose sire thy mother knew not? She at eve
> Walked in the temple court, and saw from Heaven
> A plume descend, as bright and beautiful,
> As if some spirit had embodied there
> The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light
> Of setting suns. To her it floated down;
> She placed it in her bosom, to bedeck
> The altar of the God; she sought it there;
> Amazed, she found it not; amazed, she felt
> Another life infused. . . From whence art thou,
> O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
> Whose sire thy mother knew not?'—P. 385.

The great feature of this poem may be stated to be originality. The subject, the names, the characters, the incidents, the descriptions, are all original. The important feature is in no part more conspicuous than in the battles, in which Epic poets have most usually been servile copyists of Homer. Those in the Madoc are full of novelty, of circumstance, and expression, and more interesting than any but those of Homer. We are much pleased to see the old formal similies with their long tails omitted in the Madoc. Those antiquated appendages of Epic poems which have been so sedulously imitated from Homer, may sometimes delight us when they have the originality and force which frequently appear in those of Milton; but they are usually feeble, unnecessary, and unnatural. In the Madoc, they are very sparingly introduced. When they occur they are short, rapid, and expressive.

The Madoc contains none of the machinery or supernatural agency which usually abounds in Epic poems. On the whole, we are pleased with the omission. The introduction of

supernatural agency is certainly a powerful instrument of the sublime, but not such agency as Epic poets have been fond of producing. The highest exertions of genius can alone make it interesting; and in the present state of human opinions, it is scarcely possible to frame it so plausibly as to have any hold on our curiosity or our belief. Therefore we are glad for the credit of the poem that it has not been attempted.

In reviewing the faults of the Madoc we might notice some unharmonious lines, and feeble expressions, and a few prosaic passages. But no epopea is without these—not even Milton and Homer. Virgil is the only author whose exquisite polish dares our criticism on this subject, though he is almost defenceless on every other ground. The greatest fault we are disposed to find with the Madoc is its termination. We do not like its closing incident. The destruction of Patamba by the Volcano and the earthquake is abruptly and indistinctly told; nor did we at first apprehend what was meant by it. It occurs likewise so awkwardly as to seem unnatural, and to disappoint our curiosity, which the preceding incident had made very anxious. In revising the poem perhaps some of the Welsh sections might be compressed with advantage, and a few passages of minor interest omitted.

On the whole, we recommend the poem as abounding with genius and originality, with pure morality and dignified feeling, with animated poetry, and a melodious elocution:—and if we regard it merely as a tale, we think our female readers will find it more interesting than any romance that they may be in the habit of perusing.

ART. II.—*A Chronological History of the Discoveries in the South Sea or Pacific Ocean. Illustrated with Charts, by James Burney, Captain in the Royal Navy. Vol. I.* 4to. *London.* Nicol. *Price* 3*l.* 3*s.*

PERHAPS nothing more proudly distinguishes the moderns from the ancients than the surprising navigations of the last three centuries. In arts, in arms, and in literature the most celebrated individuals of our days may be paralleled by others as renowned among the Greeks and Romans. Even the vanity of Buonaparté must submit to a comparison with Alexander, Hannibal, Pompey, and Cæsar; but the discovery of new countries was an object which excited little interest in those early times, and the voyages of Columbus and of other discoverers since his time, can meet with no competition in any part of ancient history. The most adventurous voyages of

the Phenicians and Carthaginians can be only classed with our common trading voyages to the Levant, except one or two circumnavigations of Africa which are said to have been accomplished; but all the voyages which are the subject of Captain Burney's volumes have no parallel in antiquity.

The circumnavigations of the globe in this age have been so frequent that we hear of them as matters of course. They have now become as practicable as in former times a voyage from Tyre to Cadiz, or from Greece to Marseilles, may have been; but our newly acquired familiarity with such extensive navigations must not make us unjust or inattentive to those men who first dared to explore unknown oceans; who first conceived the practicability of circumnavigating our globe, and were able, in the imperfect state of nautical science and philosophy at that period, to devise the means of accomplishing their wishes, and of providing for the contingent wants and accidents with which such new and arduous enterprises then abounded. To the skill, the labour, and the sufferings of the early discoverers we are indebted for the first knowledge of the countries of another hemisphere, and indeed for those intelligent navigations of our contemporaries which have immortalised the present reign and the Sovereign who has patronised them. To few objects more truly British, and more productive of advantages to both commerce and philosophy, could the royal notice have been extended; the nation is now reaping the benefits of such navigations in various directions, and we turn with peculiar pleasure to Captain Burney's volumes to contemplate the infancy and to trace the progress of these important enterprises.

The two volumes of this work which are now before the public, compose the two first parts of Captain Burney's undertaking, and contain an account of the discoveries, and of all the voyages of celebrity, made in the Pacific Ocean from the first knowledge obtained of that sea by Europeans to the year 1619. The first volume was published in 1803, and is addressed to Sir Joseph Banks with peculiar propriety. The author says to him,

'You have visited, and are well acquainted with the scenes I am endeavouring to describe. To you my plan was first communicated, and the encouragement it received from you, determined me to the undertaking. You indulged me with the most unrestrained use of your valuable library; not merely with access, but with permission to take away, for more deliberate consideration, whatever appeared connected with my pursuit; thus rendering it, to all purposes of utility, my own. To these reasons I may justly add, that, next to His Majesty, you have been one of the greatest patronisers and promoters, in this or any country, of Geographical Discoveries.'—P. ix.

In this dedication Captain Burney states the particulars of a comprehensive plan which he has proposed for a General Digest of Maritime Geographical Discovery. A work like this has certainly been long wanted; and, as the author observes, every addition to the present stock of our geographical knowledge renders it more necessary.

In Captain Burney's scheme for the Digest of Maritime Geographical Discovery it is proposed to make a division of the subject into six distinct classes.

'The first class may contain the voyages to the North of Europe; those in the North seas, and toward the North pole.

'The second, those along the West coast of Africa to the *Cape of Good Hope;* and the discoveries of the Atlantic Islands.

'The third, East from the *Cape of Good Hope* to *China*, including the Eastern Archipelagos between *New Holland* and the coast of *China*. *Japan* might have a section to itself as a supplement to this class.

'The fourth might contain the whole of the discovery of the East side of America, except the *Strait of Magalhanes* and of *Le Maire*, which are more connected with the voyages to the South Sea.

'The fifth class may comprehend the circumnavigations and voyages to the South Sea. With these, the discoveries on the West coast of North America are so much interwoven, that they cannot, without disadvantage, be separated.

'The discoveries made by the Russians in the seas near *Kamtschatka*, and from thence to the North, would appear not improperly as a supplement to the fifth class.

'*New Holland* might form a sixth class. This country would naturally have divided itself between the third and fifth, had not its importance so much increased within the few last years, that it now requires a distinct class to itself.

'The foregoing division is offered as a sketch for a general plan: the classes are capable of modification, according to the convenience or inclination of those who may undertake any part of the task; and, in each, chronological order might with ease be preserved.'—P. vi.

After this extensive plan, which is judiciously arranged, Captain Burney has chosen the fifth class for the subject of his publication, which he offers as a contribution toward the proposed Digest. His attention was principally directed to it from having sailed with that great and excellent navigator Captain Cook, under whose command he served as Lieutenant in his two last voyages. The name of Burney recalls to us many interesting literary recollections, and we are glad to find that the present publication has added to its honours. The advantages possessed by Captain Burney from his maritime experience and personal acquaintance with his subject, have been of incalculable value; it has enabled him to appreciate the merits and to judge of the veracity of the early accounts,

which it is evident he has examined with great diligence. He seems to have spared no pains to obtain the works from which he had reason to expect original information, and he makes his reader acquainted with the character and the most striking features of the different narratives and journals which he has consulted. We contemplate his history as a most important and highly useful publication.

The first volume of this work consists of twenty chapters, with an Appendix. It is written with a temperate and cautious judgment. The author has not been ambitious of an ornamented style; he has rightly conceived his subject, and that industry of research, accuracy of fact, and discrimination of judgment, ought to be its prevailing characteristics. These qualities pervade the work, and appear to advantage in the calm and perspicuous mode of narration which he has adopted.

His first chapter is an introductory view of the discoveries made in the South Sea previous to the voyage of Magalhanes. The second chapter exhibits the highly interesting voyage of the great Magalhanes, which is drawn up with great care, and with a close study of the early accounts in their original languages. This celebrated navigator was a Portugueze of good family, and had served five years with reputation in the East Indies under the famous Albuquerque; but conceiving his services ill requited by the Court of Portugal, he banished himself from his native land, and in 1517 solicited employment from the King of Spain. He was accompanied by one of his countrymen, Ruy Falero, an astronomer and geographer. They offered to prove that the Molucca Islands fell within the limits assigned by the Pope to the Crown of Castile, and undertook to discover a passage thither different from the one used by the Portuguese. The Emperor Charles V. received these proposals favourably, and engaged to furnish five ships for its prosecution. They departed from Spain on the 20th of September 1519. The idea of Magalhanes was, to find a passage to the South of America into the South Sea. His voyage was therefore the expedition of a great adventurous mind in search of what was only conjectured to exist.

When Magalhanes had discovered the strait which has since been known by his name, and had passed through it, he ordered public thanksgivings, " and was so greatly rejoiced at finding " a clear sea before him, that he is said to have shed tears."

The claim to the discovery of the strait has been disputed with Magalhanes on the authority of a passage in Pigafetta's narrative " which has been a source of much wild conjecture." The passage is as follows:

' " When the entrance near Cape *Virgines* was first discovered, " every one was so fully persuaded that this strait had no outlet to

" the West, that it would not have entered into their imaginations " to have examined it, without the great knowledge and experience " of the Captain General, who knew that he must make his passage " through a strait much concealed, as was seen in the treasury of " the King of *Portugal*, in a chart made by that most excellent man " Martin de Bohemia." '—P. 45.

Captain Burney's remarks justly vindicate the fame of Magalhanes.

' To say that without the experience of the Captain General, and the information he had previously received, it would not have entered into their imaginations to have examined the opening before them, could be no other than a thoughtless mode of expression. Their object was to seek a passage, and very superficially must they have gone to work, if, on finding such an opening, they had passed it without examination.

' In Herrera's History of the Indies, there are sentences of a similar tendency, which he seems to have taken, with some allowance, from Pigafetta, or from the same sources of information. Herrera says, that Christopher COLUMBUS was confirmed in his opinion of a Western navigation by Martin de Bohemia his friend; and that Magalhanes went more assured of finding a strait, because he had seen a chart made by M. de Bohemia, from which he had obtained much light. In another passage he relates, that Magalhanes, at the court of *Spain*, produced a globe, finely painted, on which was clearly delineated all the earth, and on it was likewise marked the track he intended to pursue; but that the strait was purposely left a blank.

' If any mention of such a chart could be traced to a date prior to the voyage of MAGALHANES, it would be entitled to some degree of credit: but the assertions above cited, being written posterior to his discovery, they require the support of strong evidence, such as the production of the chart in question, with satisfactory proof to establish the fact of a date early enough to anticipate the claim of MAGALHANES. When such evidence shall be produced, it will be time to enter seriously into the enquiry; but, till then, it would be injustice to the memory of a great enterprise.

' Not with the honours of MAGALHÁNES only, has Martin Behaim (for that is the right name) been invested. COLUMBUS has been equally stripped, and Behaim decorated, with the title of discoverer of America. Unfortunately for these claims, pretensions have been advanced in favour of other competitors.

' It would be extraordinary indeed if enterprises so calculated to excite curiosity, should, without any apparent reason, be kept profoundly secret; and yet more, that the reputation of such discoveries should be, by general consent of the European world, assigned to other men, and remain to them undisputed, during the life time of the real discoverer.

' Martin Behaim, who was a native of Nuremberg, made there in 1492 (the same year in which COLUMBUS sailed on his great voyage of

discovery) a terrestrial globe. A description and representation of this globe has been published. On it there appears no American continent, or land to obstruct a navigation Westward to China. After the discovery of America, there is reason to believe that Behaim new modelled his geography; and it is not improbable that both COLUMBUS and MAGALHANES might have been preceded in their ideas of a Western navigation by M. Behaim, and M. Behaim by many others, though perhaps not with ideas so enlightened and correct on the subject; but the claims advanced are for originality of achievement, not of idea. Thus much it has been thought necessary to remark, as doubts concerning the priority of discovery have been countenanced by persons, whose opinions are entitled to respect.' —P. 45.

The most important of the voyages and discoveries contained in the first volume, after the voyage of Fernando de Magalhanes, are

The voyages of Loyasa and Saavedra,

The first discovery of California, A. D. 1513.

Voyage of Ruy Lopez de Villalobos,

Expedition of Miguel Lopez de Legaspi from New Spain to the Philippine Islands;

Islands discovered in the Pacific Ocean near the continent of America;

The discovery of the Salomon Islands by Alvaro de Mendaza; and

The voyage of Sir Francis Drake.

To notice all these would exceed our limits, our remark must therefore be confined to a few particulars.

The expedition of Legaspi, the conqueror of the Philippine Islands, is very little known to English readers; and, as the account is extremely interesting, we shall give a few extracts.

On the 13th of February 1565, Legaspi, with a small fleet of Spanish ships from New Spain, arrived in sight of the island Tandaya, one of the Eastern of the Philippine Islands, and his fleet anchored in a bay near the East part of the island.

'Some of the natives came to the ships the day after their arrival, from whom it was learnt that the place they were at was called the *Great Ybabao;* that in the Northern part of the same island was *Tandaya*, so named after the chief; and that it was there that Bernardo de la Torre had formerly been.

'The General treated these, their first visitors, with great courtesy, and by them sent invitations to the chiefs of the island. This, in a short time, procured the arrival of other visitors, among whom were some of consequence. The chief of these, whose name was Caubus, made offers of attachment and alliance; which he desired might be rendered inviolable by each party taking some drops of blood from their arms and breast: "in which ceremony it is their

" custom to mix the blood with a little water or wine, and to drink " alternately, till the whole is disposed of. The performance of " this ceremony is the most secure establishment of friendship " amongst the natives of the *Philippines;* for though they have " sometimes broken their faith thus pledged, yet it has been found by " experience, that alliances contracted in this manner are more to " be relied on than when conducted with any other formalities what- " ever." The General excused himself from giving this proof of friendship, as he did not think that among his visitors there was any one of sufficient power or authority to contract for the whole; yet by presents and other attentions, he so well satisfied his guests, that they did not appear offended. He explained to these people, that the motives of the Castilians in coming to their island were to preach the truth, to trade with them, to assist and to defend them like true friends.—p. 259.

On the 20th they sailed to another part of the island Tandaya.

' The same account was given by the Spaniards here as at the former place, of the intent of their coming, and the General informed the chiefs of *Caniongo*, that he was charged with valuable presents from the King of *Castile* for Tandaya, as a proof of his esteem for that chief, and in return for the kindness he had formerly shown to the ships of Villalobos's fleet. He therefore desired that they would furnish a canoe, by which he might dispatch a messenger to the chief Tandaya, to request he would send some confidential person to confer with him, and to receive the presents which the Spanish monarch had sent.

' When the real object of the Spaniards in this expedition is compared with the language they held forth, it must be acknowledged that hypocrisy could not be carried farther. Their errand was to conquer, without having received offence; and their motive was the desire of other mens' possessions. To disguise this, even from themselves, as much as it was capable of being disguised by language, their object was described by the terms *predicar*, *pacificar*, *y poblar*, i. e. to preach, to make peaceable, and to people. At every place where they came, they performed the ceremony of taking possession of the land for the crown of Spain; by which it was intended to establish, against all other claims, a right to take actual possession at any future period which might be convenient.

' Fray Gaspar, the historian of the conquest of the *Philippines*, evinces in his relation a constant readiness to accuse the natives of treachery and cruelty, and, without betraying the shadow of a doubt concerning the justice of Legaspi's undertaking, to show that in every disagreement with his countrymen, the natives only were to be blamed. It is certain that at this time they must have been well acquainted with the views of the Europeans, however friendly might be their professions: and it should be remembered, that their first reception of Magalhanes, and all that passed between them and the Spaniards, before the latter were found to aim at sovereignty over

them, was a civilized intercourse; and on the part of the natives, hospitable and friendly. Since that time, the attempts which had been made on their own islands, and the example of the establishments formed by the Portuguese at the *Moluccas*, had given some reason for a change in their disposition towards the Europeans.

'The islanders appear to have comprehended the cajoling nature of Legaspi's language: they would neither furnish a canoe, nor the means of sending to Tandaya; but they assured the General, that he would come himself, as soon as he knew of the arrival of the ships, of which they would immediately advise him. The General, not confiding in their professions, sent an officer, Martin de Goyti, with two boats, and provisions for six days, with directions to search along the West coast of the island, for the "river *Tandaya*;" and that he should endeavour to see and speak with the chief, and repeat to him what had been said in the presence of his kinsman the day before. As the island *Abuyo* (now in the charts *Leyte*) was divided only by a narrow strait from *Tandaya*, he was likewise, if he could find opportunity, to contract friendship with the lord of that island.'—P. 260.

After some weeks spent among the islands without being able to quiet the apprehensions which the arrival of the ships had caused among the inhabitants,

'The Spaniards were now reduced to the necessity of obtaining provisions for their present subsistence by force. The General Legaspi was not naturally disposed to violence; and to preserve to the Spaniards a character among the natives for integrity and good faith, when opportunities offered, he made compensation to the islanders for the depredations which the necessities of his fleet had induced him to commit.'—P. 264.

It was at length resolved,

'From all the information that had been obtained, that *Zebu* would be the most commodious place for an establishment, the island being fruitful, and having a good port. It was accordingly determined to repair to *Zebu*: and if the natives should refuse to be friends with the Spaniards, and to supply them with provisions at a just and moderate price, to declare war against them; which it was maintained would be the more just, as the principal people of *Zebu*, in the time of Fernando de Magalhanes, had given their obedience to Spain; had been baptized, and had received the Gospel; from which they afterwards apostatized, and returned to their idolatry, after traitorously murdering the followers of Magalhanes, "whose blood "called for justice against them." This was the general opinion of the council, to which the members gave their signatures. The author of this account (Fray Gaspar) remarks, that among other considerations of importance, one was, that, "when the authority of the "Spaniards should be properly established, and the natives quieted, "the Gospel might then be preached, which was the principal motive "of the Spanish monarch in sending to those islands."

'The ships left *Bohol*, April 22d, and were five days going the short distance to *Zebu*, 16 leagues. They entered the port firing their cannon, to answer the double purpose of salutation and intimidation. When the ships were anchored, the General sent boats close to the town, where a great numb·r of the inhabitants had collected near the water side; and the interpreter, performing the office of a herald, in a loud voice gave notice, that the Spaniards were come to contract peace and friendship with the people of *Zebu*, and the Spanish General demanded that the king or chief of *Zebu* would meet him for that purpose. The boats then returned to the ships.

'This proclamation, ushered with the parade of their entry, created great consternation in the town: and one of the principal inhabitants was sent by the king, whose name was Tupas, to the ships, with a message of welcome to the General, and to make known that the king intended to visit him the same day. No visit, however, was made; and the inhabitants were observed to be removing their effects; a precaution not unnecessarily taken; for the soldiers and mariners in the fleet, who had with difficulty been restrained from plundering at the other islands, hoped that here they should be let loose to revenge the death of their countrymen killed in the time of Magalhanes: and it is probable that symptoms of this disposition of theirs had been noticed by the king's messenger. On seeing that the natives had taken alarm, they exclaimed, that no ceremony ought to be observed with apostates who were the enemies of Christians, and that the town ought immediately to be assaulted. The regularity of the General's plans, however, were not to be disturbed by their impatience. The next morning a summons was sent in great form to require the promised visit from the king, who endeavoured to pacify the Spaniards with excuses. The summons was repeated three times; but Tupas did not choose to trust himself in the power of the Spaniards; and his non-compliance was termed a breach of faith. A body of the Spaniards was landed; and as the last act of formality, Tupas and the other chiefs were required to yield their obedience to the King of Spain, as his vassals, according to the fidelity promised and homage yielded by them to Magalhanes. Two hours were allowed for their determination, at the expiration of which time, if their submission was not made, they would be proceeded against as rebels. As no answer arrived within the limited time, the town was fired upon, and the troops afterwards entered it without opposition, the cannonade having terrified and dispersed the natives.

'The conduct of the Spaniards on this occasion is not graced by many of those circumstances which are thought to dignify, and which give a colour of justice to revenge. Forty-four years had elapsed since the bloody feast at *Zebu*, and the present inhabitants, a few of the most aged excepted, could have no knowledge of the transaction, otherwise than from report. Yet the cause would probably have been deemed sufficient to justify the attack, had it been determined by other motives than those of interest, or if to avenge the murder of their countrymen had been one of the prescribed objects of the expedition. But the desire of vengeance seemed to have been obliterated by time, till the island of *Zebu* was found to be

more fertile, and to afford more convenience for a first establishment, than any other of the islands: the long neglected injury was then taken from the shelf to be converted to profit.'—P. 265.

'The people of *Zebu*, however, did not feel that indignation against the Spaniards which it is natural for men to entertain against the invaders of their country. They appear to have been seized with the apprehension that the fleet of Legaspi had come expressly for the purpose of revenging the death of Magalhanes and his companions. This idea was favourable for the Spaniards, as it rendered the people of *Zebu* more disposed, than otherwise they would have been, to enter into terms of accommodation. But before any thing of this kind was concluded, a ship was dispatched for *New Spain*.'—P. 269.

The ship sent to New Spain was conducted by Andres de Urdaneta, one of the most accomplished mariners of that time, to whom is attributed the honor of proving the practicability of sailing from the East Indies to Mexico; a navigation which before the expedition of Miguel de Legaspi had been often attempted but never accomplished.

'To close the subject of the expedition of Mig. Lopez de Legaspi, it remains to be related, that shortly after the departure of the Padre Urdaneta, a formal treaty of peace was concluded between the Spaniards and the people of *Zebu*; the terms of which were drawn up in seven articles. Of these, the first and the third are the most remarkable. By the first, the people of *Zebu* acknowledged themselves to be the vassals of the King of *Spain*. The third was in the words following: "If Tupas and the other chiefs of *Zebu* demand "assistance of the Spaniards against any of their enemies, it shall "be given; and the people of *Zebu* are in like manner to assist the "Spaniards whenever required." This third article, which seems to place the people of *Zebu* on terms of equality with the Spaniards, was exactly calculated to separate that people in interests from all their neighbours, and to make them the instruments by which the Spaniards might reduce the other islands to a state of subjection.'—P. 271.

The concluding chapter of the first volume gives an account of the charts. The validity of a chart cannot be properly established, nor its value be understood, without a clear account and explanation of the authority and materials of which it is composed. This chapter was therefore essential to the satisfaction of the geographer and navigator. The author has made the following observations on the state of navigation at that early time:

'In the interval between the voyage of Magalhanes and that of Drake, the art of navigation appears to have received very little improvement. About the latter period, the instrument called the log,

for ascertaining the rate at which a ship is sailing, according to the mode at present practised, is supposed to have been invented. The errors of keeping a reckoning by the method of a plane chart, began to be generally acknowledged, but the remedy was understood by few. In the *Pacific Ocean*, the Spaniards had discovered, after a long train of unsuccessful experiments, the method of sailing from West to East: in general, however, voyages do not seem to have been performed with greater facility, nor were observations taken with greater correctness, in the time of Drake, than in the time of Magalhanes. Geography, however, had greatly advanced. The figure of the *New Continent* was nearly completed: many other countries had been discovered; and the Map of the World assumed an appearance very much resembling that which it at present bears. In local charts, inclinations were given to meridians, as well to those represented by straight lines, as to the circular meridians. But the parallels of latitude, even in hemispheres, were generally represented by straight lines: a practice which is not yet entirely discontinued.' —P. 370.

Captain Burney engages in an inquiry concerning the earliest discovery of New Holland, in which he clearly refutes the claim of the French, who pretend that it was discovered by a ship which sailed from Honfleur in 1503.

In a short Appendix the author has given an explanation of an improved method of projection for charts intended to comprehend less than an hemisphere. This method gives a more equal representation of surface than any other method of projection hitherto practised. Throughout the work the author has bestowed great labour in geographical investigations, and on every occasion has thoroughly examined and compared the early accounts, in order to deduce the true situation of the lands discovered.

Captain Burney has perhaps exclusively attained the happy art of making his seamanship both intelligible and interesting. We are happy to announce that the second volume of this valuable work has been recently published.

ART. III.—*Mémoires de M. Le Baron de Besenval, Lieutenant Général des Armées du Roi, sous Louis XV. et Louis XVI. Grand Croix de l'Ordre du Saint Louis, Lieutenant Colonel du Régiment des Gardes-Swisses, etc. Ecrits par lui-même. Imprimés sur son Manuscrit original; et publiés par son Exécuteur Testamentaire. Contenant beaucoup de Particularités et d'Anecdotes sur la Cour, sur les Ministres, et les Regnes de Louis XV. et Louis XVI. et sur les Evènemens du Temps. Précédés d'une Notice sur la Vie de l'Auteur.* 8vo. 4 *Tomes. A Paris* chez *Buisson. A Londres* chez *Dulau et Comp.*

Memoirs of Baron Besenval, Lieutenant General of the Royal Armies under Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Louis, Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment of Swiss Guards, &c. Written by himself. Printed from his original Manuscript; and published by the Executor of his Will. Containing many particulars and anecdotes respecting the Court and the Ministers of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. and the Occurrences of their Time. To which is prefixed some Account of the Life of the Author. 8vo. 4 *Volumes.*

THIS curious and entertaining work, not yet translated into our language, will afford considerable gratification to those who are competent to read the original. The undoubted marks of authenticity it bears upon the face of it, is likewise a strong recommendation; and it were to be wished that historical compositions of every description could produce such testimonials of the truth of the facts and peculiar incidents they contain.

The rank and public character of the Baron rendered him conspicuous to his contemporaries, and there are many persons living in France, who can remember and avow the amiable qualities he possessed in private life, and in the social circles of polite assemblies: a few noble emigrants also, now residing in London, we find know him well. On this account, we think it proper to commence our analysis of the memoirs, with a sketch of his life, that the subsequent historical facts and anecdotes may be the better understood and appreciated.

Pierre Victor, Baron of Besenval, was born at *Soleure*, one of the Roman Catholic Cantons of Switzerland, of a noble family originally from Savoy. His father was envoy from Louis XIV. to Charles XII. King of Sweden, and Augustus King of Poland; on his return from that mission, he resumed the profession of arms, and died Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment of Swiss guards.

M. de Besenval his son, the author of these Memoirs, entered into the Swiss guards as a Cadet at nine years of age: when thirteen, he made the campaign of the year 1735, and he closed the campaign of 1748, in Bohemia, in quality of *Aid-de-Camp* to the late Marshal Broglio.

In the next war (supposed to be that which broke out between France and England, for the Editor is defective in this article), young Besenval distinguished himself by storming a redoubt, in which perilous attempt the French had lost a great many men, before the General appointed him to make another attack with a select corps of grenadiers; the fire of the enemy from the ramparts is represented as tremendous; notwithstanding which, the young hero leaped into the fosse at the head of his intrepid Swiss grenadiers, climded up the wall with difficulty, supporting himself by his wounded hands on the points of the rock, and at length after a great slaughter carried the place; being the first to leap upon the ramparts—when or where this action took place is not noticed; but his reward was the rank of *Maréchal de Camp;* and in 1757, he became *Aid-de-Camp* to the Duke of Orleans, the father of the late wretched duke.

His situation as Lieutenant Colonel of the Swiss guards gave him free entrance at court, where he distinguished himself as much by his fine figure, his address, and his engaging manners, as by his valour in the field; his gallantry, his vivacity, and his witty sallies, endeared him to his comrades, and made him enviously sought for in female society. —But his great qualities were blended with great defects. The violence of his temper was extreme; he had endeavoured to conquer it, but in vain, in his youthful days; but finding it impossible, as he advanced in life, he yielded to it without reserve, as a kind of fits for which there was no other remedy but getting rid of it as fast as possible. When his passion had vent itself, there no longer remained in his breast the smallest spark of resentment; on the contrary, the object of his fury and rude behaviour often became suddenly that of his caresses and benevolence.

The following anecdote will describe his character better than any thing the Editor can offer in reasoning upon it:

'The Baron had an old *valet de chambre*, named *Blanchard*, who had witnessed his birth, having been in the service of his father. This man, a little broken down by age and infirmities, remained in the family rather on the footing of an old friend, than of an ancient domestic. He no longer took his meal at the common servants' table, but was served in his own apartments; and the service required from him was confined to particulars which were calculated to employ and divert him, without fatigue—such as watering of stages of flowers, and cleaning rings and snuff boxes. A commission was likewise given him daily out of doors, to oblige him to

take the little exercise that was necessary to preserve his health. In a word, this man was happy, if eighty years of age and happiness can be said to associate together. In all these kind attentions we discover that goodness of heart which compensated for the inconveniences of his predominant fault. But poor Blanchard himself was not screened from the impetuosities of a master whom he adored.

'One day, a fine jassemin from the Cape was brought to the Baron, who intended to present it to the Queen—he went out, and confided it to the care of Blanchard, desiring him to water it.—Behold the good old man wholly occupied with his fine flower, but all his care could not preserve it from his awkwardness. The pot slipt out of his hands, fell to the ground and was entirely broken, the stem, the flower, every part was torn into pieces. The Baron returned at that very instant; he ran to his jassamin, and at sight of this destruction, he fell into a passion which soon changed into rage; the old man attempted to escape, but his master seized him and loaded him with reproaches.

'The day passed over, and quicker still the fury of M. de Besenval. He sent several times to the apartments of Blanchard to inquire for him, and was told he was gone to bed; this intelligence made him uneasy, and disturbed his repose the whole night: in the morning he rang for him, when Blanchard entered his chamber, and thus addressed him—I am come, sir, to ask you a favour, it is to permit me to go home to my relations—How! answered the Baron eagerly, will you then leave me! you shall stay, sir! we ought to live and die together.—No my lord, I perceive that I am become odious to you, I grow too old, and I can only by my slowness excite the violence of your temper. You have loaded me with kindness and benefactions—I will pay my respects to you incessantly, but not lodging any longer here, being no longer entrusted with any thing, we shall avoid all these scenes which destroy both of us. —Well then, sir, replied the Baron with tears in his eyes, is it a decided point? must we part?—You belonged to my father, your wife nursed me—you are my *senior* in the house, it is my place to go away—I will return when you can bear with my faults.—So saying, he took his hat and cane, left the room, and attempted to go out of doors,—but almost instantaneously, the good Blanchard, affected by this unexpected tenderness, threw himself at his feet in the door-way. His master raised him up, clasped him in his arms; they both melted into tears, and mutually vowed never to leave each other.'

The Baron loved and cherished the fine arts and artists; he particularly admired painting, from a taste for the art, which without studying it, enabled him to form a superb cabinet of pictures; and entitled him to the distinction of an honorary member of the academy of painting. His time was devoted alternately to military duties, to the arts, and to friendship. He had friends in all these classes of society, and was highly esteemed by all.—Amongst the many good qualities he

possessed, there was one, if it may be allowed that denomination, which was a happiness (or rare good fortune) which constantly attended him.—Seeking danger, and ardently exposing himself to it in battle, he never received the slightest wound. Nothing that he undertook ever failed. Snatched as it were by a miracle from the hands of the populace in the revolution of 1789, he went through all the horrors of a criminal prosecution, and his *star* (rather Providence) combated successfully the cruelty of the committee of enquiry, which wanted to put him to death. Restored to the arms of his friends, it was in their society that he passed some peaceable days, when a slow but not painful disease terminated his career, at a crisis when there was nothing left for him to behold but events calculated to plunge him into despair.

By contemplating the public events recorded in the memoirs of the long and active life of Baron Besenval, his readers will be enabled to trace to its original the sources of those disasters, which convulsed the kingdom of France so early as the commencement of the reign of Louis XV. and which finally subverted their ancient monarchy: some of the most prominent features of that universal corruption, depravity, and dissipation which brought on its final dissolution, it will fall within the compass of ouf review of these interesting volumes, to lay before our readers; with such remarks as the importance of the subject will obviously suggest.

A regular series of historical occurrences must not be expected; for the whole work is interspersed with detached anecdotes both of a public and private nature, which renders it in many respects a miscellaneous production.

The first volume commences with a political dissertation on the Swiss, the nature of their government, produce of their soil, and general character; in which, though a native of the country, the Baron discovers strong prejudices, and represents his countrymen as deficient in education, and solely distinguished by their valour, fortitude, fidelity, and patience in a military capacity. The industry of the natives of Switzerland, he states to be limited to rearing of cattle and horses, and making cheese; recently, he observes, they have established different manufactures, but without success, owing to a natural want of ingenuity, and the little attention given by the government to these establishments; this is a gross misrepresentation, for very considerable manufactories have been long since established in the different Cantons; and were in a flourishing condition when the French first interrupted their success, and plundered their property during their invasion and desolating progress through that now unfortunate country. The principal manufactures were muslins, cottons, silks, particularly ribbons, callico printing called chintz, beautiful paper hanging, watches, clocks, &c.

The Helvetic confederacy, formed by the genuine valour of simple peasants, excited to revolt by the cruel tyranny of the house of Austria, he considers with more accuracy to have been always divided into too small parties to be able to unite its forces and industry, so as to produce the national power and strength of which it was susceptible. It was always subjected to administrations too multiplied and too limited, governed by different principles, and continually acting in opposition to each other, so as effectually to prevent those exertions which the nature of the country, and the warlike spirit of its people might have produced. Under these disadvantages, with a population exceeding the means of subsistence, they had no other resource to prevent a famine but to dispose of their hardy peasantry, trained to arms from their youth, as mercenary troops in the service of foreign sovereigns; thus France acquired additional military strength to combat her enemies, and her regiments of Swiss soldiers, together with her fresh brigades, were formerly considered as her best troops. The number of Swiss soldiers in the service of France a short time before the revolution, amounted to twenty two battalions, independent of the regiment of guards. Spain, Holland, and the Emperors of Germany followed the example of France; and it is remarkable that all these powers placed their Swiss troops in posts of the greatest danger, to cover their own native subjects.

We have the first traits of the character of Louis XV. in the war of 1744, when he put himself at the head of his armies in Flanders.

'As it was a novelty to the French soldiers at that time to be led to battle by their sovereign, the zeal that his presence produced was surprising. The campaign opened with the seige of Menin, the King was at the opening of the trenches, and inspired both officers and privates with a degree of enthusiasm that seemed to insure success. The surrender of Menin was followed by that of Ypres; but very soon the eclat of these victories was eclipsed by the arrival of Madame de Chateauroux, the King's first mistress, and the Duchess of Lauragais her sister, at the camp; his Majesty no longer shewed himself to his troops; but remained shut up for days together, passing his time in gaming with these two women and his favorite courtiers: thus accompanied, he visited several towns of Flanders, and was received every where with demonstrations of joy, and magnificently entertained; nothing but feasts, balls, and illuminations were to be seen; but his manifest indifference, and the life he led, spoiled all. In every place where he resided a short time, a boarded gallery was constructed to communicate with that in which Madame de Chateauroux lodged. At length the fatal hour of separation arrived: the King being taken dangerously ill at Metz, the Duke de Bouillon great chamberlain, and the Duke de Rochefoucault grand master of the wardrobe, associated with the Abbé Fitzjames Bishop of Soissons,

lord high almoner, took the advantage of the King's natural weakness, and of his fears of death and hell, to persuade him to make honorable reparation, by asking pardon publicly for the scandal he had given, and sending away his mistress and her sister; accordingly, after he had confessed and received the sacrament and extreme unction, the two ladies set off; but so great was the fury of the people in general, and of the soldiers in particular, against Madame de Chateauroux, that if Marshal Belisle had not lent her his carriage to escape, she would have been torn to pieces.'

With the same weakness which he had exhibited at Metz, the King, on his return to Versailles in good health, wrote a letter to his mistress to come to him again, and he obliged his prime minister, M. de Maurepas, who detested her, to be the bearer of this letter. However, she did not long enjoy her triumph, for on the very day she received it she was taken ill, and died a very short time after, which gave rise to an idle report that M. de Maurepas had poisoned the King's letter. Her death was favourable to the party who had constantly opposed her; for, as she was haughty and vindictive, had she resumed her station at Versailles, they would have been banished the Court.

From this period may be dated the decline of the French monarchy, Louis XV. being alternately the slave of bigoted superstition and unbounded lewdness, mistress succeeding mistress, whilst confession and absolution marched hand in hand with open debauchery.

Taking leave for the present of war, politics, and intrigues, we pass on to one of the most entertaining anecdotes in this volume, and the more so as it regards an essential characteristic of Englishmen, contrasted with another of Frenchmen, and both pleasantly controverted between two celebrated personages.

The famous philosopher and statesman the president Montesquieu (author of the Spirit of Laws, and other valuable works), travelling in Italy, met with our celebrated Lord Chesterfield. They had known each other before this accidental meeting, and had held that correspondence which two men of such distinguished talents seldom fail to keep up when once they become acquainted; they now associated, and agreed to continue their journey together. The conversation in the coach soon turned upon the different characters of the English and the French. The President, in giving the preference to his countrymen, founded it upon the superiority of their genius. Lord Chesterfield, allowing this to the French, rested his preference on good sense or sound judgment, which he attributed superiorly to the English. A great dispute followed respecting the pre-eminence of the two qualities; and Lord Chesterfield supporting his opinion with much gravity, it

served only to whet the natural vivacity of the President. The subject was ample, and the adveraries well qualified to defend their own cause; it was often agitated, but without convincing each other.

'On their arrival at Venice, Montesquieu's curiosity to see and thoroughly examine every thing, kept him in perpetual motion; from morning to night he visited the monuments, the public libraries, the rich cabinets, and the coffee-houses, where he entered into conversation, and obtained information of even the minutest circumstances relative to the Government and to society in generral; on his return he committed every particular to writing, and every evening shewed his work to Lord Chesterfield. He had passed a considerable time in forwarding it, had nearly completed it, when an unknown person desired to speak with him in private. Being introduced, he enlarged considerably upon his attachment to Frenchmen, on account of singular services they had rendered him; adding, that this consideration had determined him to come and give him notice to take care of himself, for the Inquisition, uneasy at his proceedings, had resolved to send and seize his papers; and if the least article was found in them relative to the Government, he would be put to death. M. de Montesquieu, extremely frightened with this intelligence, was lavish of his thanks, gave a sum of money to the stranger, and as soon as he was gone made the greatest haste to throw his papers into the fire.

He then flew to the apartment of Lord Chesterfield, to impart to him what had just happened. His Lordship calmly answered, that there was a considerable degree of genius or ingenuity in his conduct, but that if he had added to it a little good sense or sound judgment, he would have reflected how very extraordinary it was that a stranger, a man perfectly unknown to him, should interest himself so much in his behalf as to come to him, and give him advice at the hazard of his own life if he was discovered; that, independent of this, M. de Montesquieu had himself noted down that the deliberations of the Inquisition were impenetrable; consequently it was not likely that a man of low condition should have been able to discover them; and lastly, that by combining these ideas, they ought to have led him to conclude that the advice of the stranger was nothing more than a stratagem of Lord Chesterfield, and consequently not to have burnt his papers, which assuredly an Englishman would not have done.'

Montesquieu, astonished, was obliged with regret to yield to the sound reasoning of Chesterfield.

A stronger proof cannot be given of the unbridled licentiousness of manners which universally prevailed from the commencement of the reign of Louis XV. than the general outline given by our author, accompanied by a singular adventure.

'The sole employment of the men was to increase authenticly the catalogue of their mistresses, and of the women, to carry off publicly

the lovers of their companions or rivals; upon these subjects, however, falsehood frequently supplied the place of reality, and the mutual coquetry of both sexes was as much in vogue as criminal connexions. Married men, reduced to bear what they could not prevent, prudently resolved not to cohabit with their wives; they lodged in the same house without seeing each other, they visited in separate carriages, frequented different companies, and were never seen together in any public place. In a word, marriage became a useful alliance in point of fortune, but a personal inconvenience which was got rid of by abandoning all its duties.'

The immorality of the capital infected the provinces, of which the following adventure is a striking instance:

'Two officers of the Duke de Penthièvre's regiment lived together in close intimacy, in a garrisoned town, and they frequently visited together an old gentleman, a widower, who had an only daughter about eighteen years of age, very pretty, and a good prize for an officer in garrison. After some time this young lady became pregnant, and her exasperated father put the usual question to her—Who was the father of the child? She calmly replied it must be Mr. ——, if it is not Mr. ——, naming the two friends. The father, pursuing the customary measures on such occasions, sent for the two officers, and having imparted to them the situation of his daughter, told them he expected one of them to marry her, in failure of which he had still sufficient strength to take vengeance on both of them. These officers recovered from their surprize on finding that they had been rivals, of which they had not had the slightest suspicion, did not hesitate a moment on the part they had to act; each of them contended with great eagerness to be the husband; so that the old gentleman could not obtain the consent of either to give her up to his friend. In this perplexity he proposed to them to leave the choice to his daughter; who answered, when she was informed of the agreement, that she never would pronounce judgment against either of the two gentlemen; that she loved them equally, and would not sacrifice the one to the other; that they might settle the matter as they thought proper, and that it was sufficient for her to submit to their arrangement. This produced a fresh embarrassment. At length it was resolved that the officers should draw lots, and that he who should draw the black ball should be the husband; to which they added an agreement concealed from the father, that the unmarried man should continue to be the lover, without any hindrance in any respect whatsoever on the part of the husband. The treaty was executed with perfect fidelity, and to the entire satisfaction of all three. They lived a considerable time together completely happy. In a course of years the husband died, and the survivor married the widow; they lived a very long time together, without suffering any other uneasy reflection but that of having lost their friend.'

We have a curious historical memoir in this volume, taken from an original dispatch of Baron Besenval's father, envoy

from the Court of France to the Elector of Saxony, in a letter from him to Marshal Uxelces, dated at Warsaw, the 26th of February, 1716, by which it appears that the famous Charles XII. King of Sweden, had formed the design of dethroning the King of England, George I. and would certainly have attempted it, conjointly with the Chevalier St. George (the Pretender), if his sudden death had not prevented it. It also appears that the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, during the minority of Louis XV. gave early information to George the First of this plot, which was to be seconded by some other powers on the Continent in the interests of the proscribed family of the Stuarts.

The first part of the second volume carries on the history of the reign of Louis XV. to his death, which happened in the month of May 1774. The most interesting memoirs of that weak monarch, who, from being honoured by his subjects with the title of *well-beloved*, was at last universally detested and despised, relate to the court intrigues at Versailles, the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the contest between the friends and the enemies of the Duke de Choiseul, who had been promoted to the office of prime minister through the influence of Madame Pompadour, the successor of Madame Chateauroux. The Duke's adversaries at length prevailed; he was accused of neglecting the French navy, being in want both of ships and qualified officers to enable the King to assist his ally the King of Spain, in the year 1770, when that monarch wished to declare war against England for taking possession of and fortifying Falkland Islands. But Besenval, whilst he admits the negligence of Choiseul in this respect, asserts that the real cause of that minister's negociating with Spain to accommodate the dispute with England was the wretched state of the finances of France, all public credit being annihilated by the bad management of the Abbé Terray, at that time comptroller general, and the King's coffers so thoroughly exhausted that instead of being able to furnish the necessary supplies to carry on a war, his Majesty could not do honour to his private engagements, but failed almost daily to satisfy the most solemn contracts. The length of time which it required to terminate a negociation that prevented a war in which France must have taken part against England, in virtue of the family compact, gave an opportunity for the cabal to insinuate that the delay was owing to the secret intrigues of the Duke de Choiseul, who was known to have great influence over the King of Spain; and it was asserted that there would be no end to the negociation whilst that minister continued in place. His patroness was dead, and Madame de Barré, a young creature, had become the absolute mistress of the King and of the kingdom, and was the tool of the Duke d'Aiguillon, who

aspired to the rank of prime minister. This girl, in whose arms Louis XV., now grown old and more imbecile than ever, lost every sense of public duty and decorum, prevailed on him to dismiss and send into exile an able statesman, to make way for a man destitute of talents, and fit only to be governor of a seraglio. Such was the Duke d'Aiguillon; and it may be truly affirmed that his administration laid the foundation of the subversion of the French monarchy. To render this still more evident, the Baron gives a concise history of the gradual increase of the power and credit of the Parliaments of France, which arose from the pecuniary necessities of the executive government obliging the Sovereign to apply for aid to those Parliaments; and though not constituted upon that extensive scale of political freedom which the British Parliament enjoys, the Parliament of Paris possessed rights and privileges sufficient to enable it to controul and diminish the absolute power of the King.

The great military force kept up by Louis XIV., his victories, his triumphs, and his firm character, supported his despotism and overawed the Parliaments; but under his immediate successor the Parliament of Paris began to be considered as the protectors of the people, whose duty it was to remonstrate to the Sovereign against any burthensome taxes imposed on their fellow-subjects by the King's ministers in virtue of the royal edicts, which the Parliament had the privilege to confirm or reject by enregistering these edicts or refusing to sanction them; if the Parliament persisted in its refusal, the Sovereign held what the court called *a Bed of Justice*; he came to Paris in great state, attended by a numerous suite of Princes of the blood, Peers, Cardinals, Marshals of France, &c. and seated on his throne in Parliament, ordered all the resolutions and remonstrances that opposed his edicts to be erased from their journals and his own edicts to be registered. It will readily be conceived that such violent measures to enforce obedience to the will of a weak king, governed by his mistresses and their creatures, and lavishing upon them the treasures that ought to have been expended in the public service, could only tend to increase the popular detestation of a feeble despot. This was exactly the case with respect to Louis XV. Madam Pompadour, the wife of a citizen, publicly taken away from her husband to become the arbiter of the sovereign power of the kingdom, completed the degradation of that power; the mask was then laid aside, and the people began that career of licentiousness which led to the fatal catastrophe that put an end to the dynasty of the House of Bourbon. Verses, songs, libels, indecent caricatures, and other bold expositions, soon brought on that contempt of the sovereign authority which was the fore-runner of that open rupture between the King

and the Parliament of Paris which immediately ensued. But when, after the death of Pompadour,

'The King laid his sceptre at the feet of an obscure girl, the bastard of a friar and a cook-maid, who was married to a sharper of the name of Barré, by whom she was prostituted to the highest bidder, the people could no longer suppress their indignation, and were only retained within bounds by respect for the Duke de Choiseul.'

The removal of that minister by De Barré to bring in the Duke d'Aiguillon, who was suspected of a personal connexion with her, and was absolutely at her devotion, threw the whole nation into political convulsions; insomuch that every reader of our author's account of the scenes that passed during the plenitude of d'Aiguillon's administration will be surprised that the revolution of 1789 did not take place between the years 1771 and 1774.

The accession of a young King revived the hopes of a desponding nation, and the first act of his reign confirmed these hopes, for he recalled from exile the old Count de Maurepas, who had lived in retirement upwards of twenty-five years, and placing him at the head of the new ministry, the Duke d'Aiguillon was dismissed, and ordered to retire to his estate at a considerable distance from Versailles. M. de Maurepas immediately recalled the Parliament of Paris, which had been dissolved, and its members sent into exile to different parts of the kingdom under escorts of musqueteers; and set at liberty numbers of individuals confined in different prisons by *lettres de cachet*, almost daily issued against the partisans of theP arliaments. The Count de Vergennes was appointed minister for foreign affairs, and M. Turgot comptroller general of the finances; both these ministers were men of considerable abilities, and Maurepas had the reputation of being an old experienced statesman. But the seeds of popular discontent had been sown at the close of the preceding reign, and were taking root when the young and inexperienced Louis XVI., unfortunately too uxorious, submitted to be governed, not by a mistress, but what was still more dangerous for the kingdom, by a Queen of equal rank with himself, the daughter of an ambitious Empress, and the sister of a future Emperor; a Queen, who to the love of power added that of unbounded pleasure, productive of prodigality beyond example, at a time when the finances were in the most deplorable state.

The independence of America, to which the French ministry most impoliticly contributed, caused the dissemination of similar principles in France, which were propagated by the writings of distinguished authors; and the sequel is too deeply rooted in the memory of the present generation to require further recital.

The remainder of the second volume contains reflexions on the administration of the finances by M. Necker, a native of Geneva, who effected a reform by one single edict, in the month of January 1780, which neither the King himself nor any of the preceding ministers of finance had been able to accomplish. In a short time, by his firmness, disinterestedness, and perseverance, he established a system of economy which gained him the good will of the people, restored in a great measure the public credit of the nation, and occasioned a considerable rise of every species of paper-money; and by retrenching the principal branches of expenditure at court, and in the public offices, he provided for the immense demands of an ill-conducted war without new taxes. Such was the genius and integrity of a man unconnected with, consequently unsupported by, any party, whose religion, foreign birth, and the prejudices of a jealous people were calculated rather to exclude than to promote him to an office, which, at best, he could only expect to occupy precariously. But the versatility of the French disposition, which was always conspicuous in their public as well as in their private affairs, drove him from his station, and accelerated the dissolution of the existing government.

An anecdote relative to the origin and exaltation of M. de Vergennes, deserves particular notice, as an instance of the extraordinary vicissitudes of human life, and of one of those singular incidents which sometimes, from the most accidental occurrences, raise men of obscure birth to the most elevated stations.

'M. de Chavigni, a celebrated negociator, who in that character had rendered the most essential services to Louis XIV., had retired to his estate in Burgundy, where he died, at an advanced age, without leaving any known relation to be his heirs.

'Chévignar, his steward, a sensible man, took advantage of this circumstance to make the fortunes of his two sons. For this purpose he forged a letter to Louis XIV. as if it had been written by M. de Chavigni on his death bed, in which, after enumerating his services, and thanking his Majesty for all favours, he recommended to his protection the only relations he had in the world, mentioning the two young men by the names of Chavigni. The letter was pathetic, and well written. The King was sensibly affected, sent for the young men to court, gave the eldest a pair of colours in the *gendarmerie*, and an abbey to the youngest.

'The person who had solicited for the same abbey, happened, unfortunately for these youths, to be likewise a native of Burgundy. Vexed at the preference that had been given to the youngest, he made the most diligent inquiries respecting the pretended relationship to the late M. de Chavigni; discovered the truth, and made it public. The affair soon reached the ears of the King; who, extremely susceptible of every failure of respect to him, the moment he was con-

vinced of the fraud disgraced the two Chavignis, or rather *Chévignars.*

'The two brothers went to Holland, and at an inn at the Hague, the youngest was taken ill and died. The servant of the inn during a long illness had taken so much care of him that his brother, who continued to bear the name of Chavigni, at first expressed his gratitude in the strongest terms, and afterwards became her lover, and took her with him to Paris, where she engaged herself as a servant in a public hotel, where Chavigni privately visited her. One day when he was shut up in one of the apartments with her, the girl heard her mistress advancing hastily to this apartment: at a loss what to do, she had only time to put Chavigni into a closet and lock the door. The mistress ordered her instantly to prepare the room for the reception of two foreign ministers, who entered it soon after, and began a conversation on the state of public affairs, Louis XIV. being dead, and the Duke of Orleans regent of the kingdom in the minority of Louis XV. The subject of the conversation was the removal of the Duke of Orleans from the regency, and one of the strangers was Cardinal de Alberoni. They agreed to meet in the same apartment on a future day; and after they were gone Chavigni made his favourite consent to conceal him again in the closet at their next meeting. The conferences were often repeated in the same manner, and when Chavigni was completely master of all the circumstances of the plot, he wrote a letter to the Regent requesting a private audience, having secrets to reveal to him of the greatest importance. His letter had the fate common to letters of this kind, with which people in office are perpetually burthened; it remained unanswered; a second and a third were equally unsuccessful; he then attended in person, and by repeated importunities at length obtained an audience, when he revealed to the Regent all that he had overheard, carefully, however, concealing the means by which he had obtained his information, and attributing it to his connexions. The Duke thought the story so improbable that he treated Chavigni as a visionary, ordered him to withdraw, and never more to trouble him. Chavigni, not disconcerted, maintained what he had advanced, and in proof of his veracity requested the Duke to confine him in the Bastile for life if the plot did not take place. The Prince consented; in less than three weeks the conspiracy was publicly known at Paris, and that the Duchess of Maine was at the head of it. Tne Regent, convinced by the event, conceived the highest opinion of the abilities of Chavigni, and not only released him from imprisonment, but employed him in different public affairs, which he executed so much to the satisfaction of the Regent, that he was appointed ambassador to Portugal, and allowed to take his nephew, M. de Vergennes, with him, as secretary of legation. From Lisbon Chavigni returned to be ambassador to Switzerland, that he might be nearer to M. Rouillé, whom the Regent had just nominated to be minister for foreign affairs; a man incapable of such an important post, and who, sensible of his own insufficiency, was glad to have such an able assistant, and consulted him upon all occasions; so that, in fact, the pretended Chavigni, the son of the steward Chévignars, was minister, and easily obtained an embassy to Constantinople for his nephew, M. de Vergennes, who married the

widow of a rich merchant of that city, and in the end became prime minister of France, at the most critical period of the reign of its last unfortunate monarch.'

ART. IV.—*Notes on the West Indies; written during the Expedition under the Command of the late General Sir Ralph Abercromby; including Observations on the Island of Barbadoes; and the Settlements captured by the British Troops upon the Coast of Guiana; likewise Remarks relating to the Creoles and Slaves of the Western Colonies, and the Indians of South America; with occasional Hints regarding the Seasoning or Yellow Fever of Hot Climates. By George Pinckard, M. D. of the Royal College of Physicians, Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals to his Majesty's Forces; and Physician to the Bloomsbury Dispensary*, 8vo. 3. *vols.* Longman and Co. 1806.

(Concluded from p. 482.)

A LONG voyage of nine weeks was happily concluded by the safe arrival of the ship at Barbadoes, to the great joy of Dr. Pinckard and his companions. The beauties of Carlisle Bay excited his admiration, and he communicates this description of the Bay to his friend in Letter XVIII. The ceremony of cleaning and painting West India ships previous to their coming into harbour—an account of the baptismal ceremony on crossing the Tropics—other anecdotes during the voyage—remarks on porpoises, sharks, and flying fish—and on the appearance of the sun and moon at sea, within the Tropics, are the principal subjects of the next letter.

As the Doctor was on the Domingo staff, and in daily expectation of receiving orders to proceed to that island, he and his associates remained on board the Lord Sheffield in the harbour; and from thence they took occasion to visit two slave ships, one belonging to North America, and bound to Savannah in Georgia; the other a Liverpool Guineaman. The cargo of the American consisted of an hundred and thirty slaves, of whom two-thirds were males and one-third females. The two sexes were kept separate by a partition or bulk head from side to side across the ship; allowing the waste to the men, and to the women the quarter deck. A great majority of them were very young, being from ten to eighteen years of age.

'We were pleased," says our author, "to observe that an air of cheerfulness and contentment prevailed among them. In a few only we remarked despondence and dejection of countenance. Both sexes were without apparel, having only a narrow band of blue cloth put round the waist, and brought to fasten before, so as to serve the office of the fig-leaf worn by our first parents in the fruitful garden of Eden. As we walked through different groups of them, they fixed their eyes upon us with seeming curiosity; and some of the boys, like those of fairer skin, were inclined to be playful, and to exhibit youthful tricks. One or two of the females, unchecked by education, occasionally glanced an expressive look, or displayed a significant gesture. Many of them had marks upon their skin which appeared to have been made with a cutting instrument. These we learned were distinctive of the nation to which they belonged. Some had their teeth cut or filed to sharp points, giving them a very hideous and canine appearance. They looked well-fed and healthy, although some of them had an eruption called the *cra-ca* upon the skin.

'We saw them dance, and heard them sing. In dancing they scarcely moved their feet, but threw about their arms and twisted their bodies into a multitude of disgusting and indecent attitudes. Their song was a wild and savage yell, devoid of all softness and harmony, and loudly chanted in harsh monotony. No marks were discovered of those horrors and cruelties said to be practised on board the ships occupied in this sad traffic of human flesh, and which are represented as so frightfully augmenting the manifold evils of slavery. The comfort and health of these poor Africans were promoted with every care. Being fond of washing in cold water, they were encouraged in the free use of it; and their persons, as well as the ship, were kept remarkably clean. They were plentifully fed; and in the day time were dispersed about the ship, so as to prevent as much as possible their assembling together in close unwholesome crowds. While many were dancing, singing, and playing together, others of the males were giving their assistance in working the ship, and several of them had made themselves useful on the passage, and, as the master reported, were already becoming expert sailors: they all seemed to regard him more with affection than fear, and, although strictly obedient, they did not appear to be at all under the influence of terror.'

It being suggested that the Negroes were much better accommodated in the English ship, our medical friends likewise visited the Guineaman, a much larger ship than the American, but they could not find that the superiority was either great or striking. The Liverpool ship was much larger than the American, and the number of slaves more than proportionally greater. In other respects the accommodations were nearly equal. The English vessel was kept remarkably clean, but the American was not less so, and between the decks she was the most commodious, being higher, and having more room in proportion to the cargo, from which the slaves had the ad-

vantage of being less close and confined during the night. In the sleeping place of the English, the visitors could not stand up without stooping almost double. In both, their food was boiled rice, and they equally slept naked upon the bare planks, crowded together like sheep in a fold. In short, their condition on board was comparatively much better than it had been represented by misguided persons in England, owing however to the regulations established by acts of the British Parliament since the question of abolishing the slave trade was first agitated, and which were humanely adopted by the American states. No chains, stripes, or other severities appeared to have been exercised in the ships transporting them; but it will be found in the sequel of these volumes, that the most atrocious acts of tyranny, cruelty, and oppression are still practised; sufficient to make every friend of humanity shudder, and, in defiance of all the pecuniary claims of commerce, to use their best endeavours to obtain a total gradual abolition of the horrid trade.

The cruelty, as we shall soon have occasion to observe, commences with the sale of the poor wretches in public markets established for that purpose. With pleasure we read of many kind and merciful English masters who treat their negroes as domestic servants, and reward them for industry, sobriety, and fidelity; but there are others whose conduct is a disgrace to the country whose government permits them still to rule over their fellow creatures with a rod of iron.

Although the medical party had a regular mess on board the Lord Sheffield, they occasionally dined and spent the whole or part of a day at Bridge Town, which gives occasion to the writer to describe the accommodations of a West India tavern, which, though they are not precisely "what a Bond-street lounger would expect in St. James's "Street, or a high fed alderman in the city, are by no means "desplicable."—See p. 241 to p. 250, including affecting and pleasing anecdotes of the hostess of the Mary Bella Green tavern, a mulatto woman, and her accomplished bar-maid, a mulatto slave, the great support of the house, and leading manager of the family. The situation of this womon presents another melancholy effect of slavery. She had a very lively interesting little daughter, about four years old.

'Of this child she spake with great tenderness, and appeared to bear it all the fond attachment of an affectionate parent. Yet as the infant was born in slavery, should the mother by any means obtain her own freedom, (and one hundred guineas had been offered by a gentleman but refused by the mistress) she cannot claim her child; but must leave it still the disposable property of her mistress, equally liable to be sold as any other piece of furniture of

the house: for in Barbadoes the offspring of a woman in slavery becomes the absolute property of the owner to whom the mother belongs, whether it be black, yellow, or white, as the law knows no period when the child of a slave shall be born free however removed from the African; nor can the mother under any circumstances of subsequent liberation claim her infant from its owner even though it should be of fairer skin than the fairest European. Thus are the natural ties of our species torn asunder; and the dearest attachments and purest affections of the heart cruelly broken down! babes are separated from their parents, and mothers robbed of their children by this unnatural appropriation of human substance!'

The first party, or as it is called in the language of the island, *gang of Negroes*, our author met with in the excursions he made through the environs of the town were making a road to Pilgrim, the Governor's house, situated on an eminence; the slaves were toiling at their regular employment, immediately under the lash of the whip, and the manner of executing the task afforded a striking example of the indolence of climate and of slavery. Nothing of diligence nor industry appeared among them, and but little of bodily labour. They seemed almost too idle to raise the hammer which they let fall by its own weight, repeating the blow several times upon the same stone until it was broken to pieces.

The doctor calculates that in proportion to the work done by English labourers and the price usually paid for it, the labour of these slaves could not be estimated at so much as two-pence per day; for almost any two men in England would with the greatest ease do as much work in a given time as was performed by a dozen of these indolent meager looking beings. Sunday is their grand day of festivity; it offers them an interval from toil, but as dancing is their favourite amusement, instead of resting in tranquillity, they undergo more fatigue by personal exertions during their gala hours of Saturday night and Sunday than is demanded from them in labour during any four days in the week." A full description of their manner of dancing and playing on musical instruments will be found in p. 264 to p. 269.

Another excursion made by our author and his companions exhibited a more pleasing condition of the slaves than the preceding tour.

In the course of the walk they came to a fine avenue of cocoa-nut trees, bordered with the aloe and the plantain. They could not forego the pleasure of exploring the extent of this delightful shade, and they therefore proceeded to its utmost depth, when they found that it led to a gentleman's house; from which as they approached it the lord of the mansion came out to bid them welcome, and to tender them

the civilities of hospitality. They accepted the very grateful refreshment of a fine shaddock pulled fresh from the tree, and were then conducted to the pleasure ground, the negro yard, and different parts of the house and the estate.

They had before seen many negro huts, some shaded by the sea-grap, some sheltered by the broad and balmy leaf of the plantain, some protected by the ombrageous cocoa-nut, and some standing in the open fields, exposed to the full ardour of the sun; but all these were of a mean order, straggling and dispersed, and bearing no kind of resemblance to the collective abode constructed for the slaves of this estate.

'Here a circular piece of ground had been appropriated as a negro-yard, and instead of the slaves being left to construct their own habitations, sixteen very neat and uniform cabins had been erected of wood well roofed with shingles (wooden tiles), placed in eight divisions; they form a hollow octagon, a free opening being left for the breeze at one end of each hut. In the centre of the octagon is built a common kitchen which serves for all the sixteen families. This happy negro-yard forms as it were a little village in which all the families may assemble each evening after the labours of the day to join in merry dance, or to smoak and sing together, free from every care. No thought have they how to provide for their infants or their aged parents, nor have they to seek either food, habitation, or apparel. To each family is allotted a separate, and to all a common home; the necessary food and clothing are issued to them; and they know nothing of the anxious cares or difficulties of the world. No fearful concern nor harassing incumbrance can arise to them on account of their offspring, who like themselves are furnished with all that is needful; and those who have most children find themselves most valued and esteemed. In sickness medical assistance is provided for them, and whatever is necessary is administered without thought or anxiety on their own behalf. Thus are they guarded at every avenue against the approach of want and care.'

In the contemplation of this spot and the rhapsody it produces, the author forgets the whip, the stripes, and "the "crowded callous scars of repeated punishment exposed to "his view by the poor naked negro washerwomen as they "stooped down to dip the linen in the river," p. 258, otherwise he surely would not have compared these negro yards to the European establishments for paupers, and have given the preference to the former, p. 289.

In riding through a field where a large gang of negroes were employed in cutting canes, they were glad to adopt the Barbadoes custom of giving their whips to the slaves and taking sugar canes to ride with—sucking one end to quench their thirst while they beat on their horses with the other.

The natural tar pits, the inflammable spring, and the

mountain cabbage tree are amongst the various curiosities of the island, which are accurately described in this volume, and occupy a considerable number of pages.

The different excursions of the party while they remained in the harbour uncertain of their destination, no tidings having been received of the commander in chief or the convoy, are the subjects of several entertaining letters in which all the picturesque scenery of Barbadoes is displayed; the various products of the country are enumerated; and the manners and customs of the planters and other inhabitants satisfactorily described; in which the leading features is courtesy and hospitality to strangers. Much miscellaneous matter is intermixed, as the author claims the freedom of noting "upon all subjects."

'Among the novelties which meet the eye of an European upon his arrival at Barbadoes is the practice of carrying the children across the hip, instead of seating them on the arm. The lower class of white women have adopted this custom from the example of the negroes, among whom it seems to be the universal mode of nursing; and perhaps it would admit of argument whether this method be not preferable to the European method of carrying them upon the arm. Seated upon the hip the infant soon learns to cling, and in a great measure to support itself; but placed upon the arms it must always remain a helpless or dead weight upon the mother, being without the power of assisting itself, or relieving its positions.'

Notwithstanding the further reasons given by the author in favour of this custom, we apprehend few European women if any will be inclined to try the experiment:—merely placing a child upon the hip must convince every female that doctors know better how to cure sick children than to nurse them. Can any position be so convenient as supporting the child on one arm with the aid of the hand of the other; or for its ease when sleeping by reclining its head on one arm whilst the other is passed under and sustains the weight of the body: it is rather surprising that our author should fancy any weakness of the limbs or deformity of the body can arise from this almost universal practice.

Having visited the senate house where the general assembly of the island was sitting, the Doctor observes that the proceedings were conducted according to the routine of our House of Commons, which the assembly regards as its model.

'Two representatives are returned from each parish, and there are eleven parishes in the island; the assembly consequently consists of twenty two members. It did not happen to be a sitting of great interest to strangers. Reading and passing a militia act and some other bills constituted nearly the whole business of the meeting.

One part of the proceedings, however, the Doctor and his companions considered as strictly in the order of the day. It was excessively narrow, and they were sadly parching with thirst, when two persons suddenly appeared with a large bowl and a two-quart glass filled with punch and sangraee. These were presented to "Mr. Speaker," who after dipping deep into the bowl passed it among the members: nor was the audience forgotten; the glass was handed to them, and they found that it was correctly in order for strangers to join in this part of the debate.'

As Britons we have had for many years past just grounds to contemplate the French people as ferocious and unprincipled, more especially in their conduct to their prisoners in time of war: it is with pleasure, therefore, that we notice an anecdote which does equal honour to the candour of the anthor who transmitted it to his friend in England, and to the Frenchman who is the subject of it.

An English gentleman who was taken prisoner and confined in the Island of Guadaloupe, having an opportunity of speaking with the secretary of Victor Hughes the French general, he represented to him in strong colours the very serious personal injury his confinement might bring upon him, and urged the absolute impossibility of his release being injurious to any individual of the French nation, supporting his appeal with the offer of a sum nearly equal to 1200*l.* sterling to be paid to "au citoyen secretaire" provided he would contribute his aid in obtaining him and two of his friends permission to leave the island. The secretary rejected the offer with disdain, expressing both astonishment and anger that he should dare to imagine that he was capable of being seduced by a bribe; adding that "formerly Frenchmen were venial and might be "bought; but now, citoyen, we are republicans! and a good "republican requires not a bribe to encourage him to the "execution of his duty, nor is he capable of being thereby "impelled to commit a breach of it."

He nevertheless listened with attention to the peculiar severity of the case, and having heard the particulars appeared to feel a degree of interest regarding the hardships that were represented. Upon leaving the gentleman he said he would try to intercede in his behalf; and intimated a hope that he might be able in the course of a week to communicate some report to him. A few days only had elapsed when the secretary returned, bringing with him the prisoner's release which he presented to him with felicitations, expressing himself happy in being the means of his regaining his liberty, and peremptorily refusing to accept even the slightest compliment for the service he had rendered him; and what is still more remarkable, the two friends before mentioned had clan-

destinely made their escape in a boat, which might be supposed to have highly incensed the general and his secretary.

The train of reflections which our author falls into as resulting from this extraordinary circumstance carries him far beyond his latitude, and is the weakest part of his work. To doubt whether a true patriot in the full extent of the term ever existed; and to endeavour to maintain that self-love and the love of fame are stronger incentives to action than love of our native country, shews a degree of ingenuity, but no depth of judgment: his reasoning is plausible, but by no means convincing. The heroic actions of our immortal Nelson are memorable contradictions of his fallacious theory.

The separation and return of the fleet and the greatest part of the convoy, with the troops destined for a grand expedition, to St. Helen's after continuing seven weeks at sea, and another division putting back to Cork and Kingsale appear to have alarmed the inhabitants of Barbadoes for the safety of Grenada and St. Vincent's. At length General Abercromby arrives at Barbadoes in the Arethusa frigate with the officers of his staff; single ships continue to arrive, and finally the preparations for a secret expedition take place, in consequence of which our author's first destination is changed, he is removed from the Lady Sheffield and ordered to embark on board the Grenada transport, to take upon him the direction of a detachment of the hospital staff appointed to attend a division of the army, to sail directly on that service.

The Grenada being a very fine vessel, he thought himself fortunate in being appointed to so good a ship, but his self-gratulations proved to be somewhat premature.

'Upwards of three hundred troops arrived soon after, and a scene of crowd and confusion was introduced surpassing all that fancy had created. Many of the men were intoxicated, most of them were up to their knees in water in the boat, and some as wet from head to foot as if they had been dragged through the sea. The decks soon became so crowded as to render it impossible to pass, and amidst the throng of living stowage a further inconvenience was produced from the hatchways being obliged to be opened for the reception of cannon, ammunition, baggage, and other stores. Negroes, sailors, soldiers and officers, all mingled together in one hurried and anxious mass; some hard at work, some cursing and swearing, some reeling in drunkenness, some scrambling for a knapsack or a firelock, some losing their hats, some hoisting baggage up the ship's side, some jumping on board, some hauling in provisions at the stern, each seeking individual or general accommodation, and all adding to the common confusion.'

When they had been a few days at sea, the Captain of the

Grenada was sent for on board the Commodore, and received his instructions; and on his return announced that the Dutch colonies upon the coast of Guiana were the objects of the expedition. The capture of the united colony of Essequibo and Demarara were their first successful operations, accomplished in the short space of nine days from their departure from Barbadoes. The mode of attack, and the events of the day after landing the troops, the arrival of a Dutch flag of truce, the capitulation, and other circumstances, with the settlement of the hospital staff under the Doctor's direction at the town of Stabrock, are minutely related in Letter X. Vol. II. p. 164 to 175.

The new theatre on which our author was now to act a long part, gave him ample scope for inspecting and noting the face of a country remote from Europe, differing widely in its cultivation and products, and in the manners and customs of its native inhabitants and its foreign settlers. These subjects fill up a series of instructive and entertaining letters, extending from the second to the third and last volume, in which we find the author's station is once more changed, and he is ordered to take his departure from Demarara for St. Domingo; and his correspondence with his friend in England finally closes with the account of his being on the eve of sailing for that island.

We have already observed that this work contains, besides its regular narrative parts, many miscellaneous subjects; of some of these we shall now give a brief account from the contents of Vol. II. and III.

It appears that the severities exercised by the Dutch in their colonies in South America exceed those of any English planters in our West India islands. A colonist's wife at Demarara requested the author to *make some complaint* against the slaves of the house to her husband, very *humanely* urging as a reason for imposing upon him so *grateful* a task, that she wished *to get them a good flogging*. It was not even pretended that any specific fault had been committed to justify the cruel punishment, but this was to be *invented*; and merely because some idle whim, some fit of caprice or ill humour, had led the mistress of these poor slaves to wish them a *good flogging*.

'In the woods of the colonies of Guiana there are bodies of men called *Bush Negroes;* they are mostly runaway slaves, and live in all the worst habits of savage nature; they are negroes of the worst description, cruel, bloodthirsty and revengeful. Many have murdered white inhabitants, massacred their masters, or revolted in combination, plotting the destruction of the planters in order to take the colony into their own possession; but being frustrated in their designs, have saved themselves from punishment by flying into the hidden recesses of the forests, from whence they issue only to ravage and plunder.

'A party of the Dutch soldiers of the garrison of Demarara were sent into the woods to endeavour to subdue or exterminate them; but they were surprised and defeated by the negroes, and most of them killed. The Government having discovered from this fatal experience that regular European troops were not the best fitted for their service, raised a corps of negroes from among the most faithful of their slaves, and also engaged in their interest a party of Indians from the woods, who, happily for the planters, hold the Bush Negroes in great abhorrence. Upon their march they passed the dead bodies of the Dutch soldiers tied to the trees at the side of a narrow path. As an encouragement to these new-raised troops, a premium was offered for every right hand of a Bush Negro that should be brought in; and when they returned from the expedition they appeared with seventy black arms upon the points of their bayonets, causing a very singular and shocking spectacle to the beholders. But still more horrid was the execution of some of the prisoners who refused to discover the concealed encampments of their associates in the woods.'

It is too dreadful to describe. See Vol. II. p. 249.

The author's medical duty obliging him to embark for Berbische, an adjacent colony to Demarara, he expected to arrive there in a few hours; instead of which he was four long days at sea in a miserable vessel, and suffered great hardships. His account of the Dutch master of the vessel is truly characteristic of the mariners of that nation both at home and in their colonies. The day they landed at the new town of Amsterdam was observed as a high festival, being appointed for a *vendue*, or public sale of slaves by auction, much in the same manner as household furniture is sold in England. The principal inhabitants, with their wives and daughters, attended in their holiday suits, as if it had been a public fair. Women, and even children, were in the auction room, for the express purpose of purchasing the poor Africans, who were exposed to the most indelicate treatment—they were handled and examined like the cattle in Smithfield market; children were allowed to point the lucky finger, and the negro boy or girl thus chosen was bought by papa to give to young massa or missy. An affecting scene interrupted the sale for a short time, occasioned by the agonizing feelings of a negro on being separated from his wife, as he was about to be sold alone, and another person, probably at a great distance from his master, might have been the purchaser. At length it was agreed to put them up together in one lot; and the transition from despair to joy was beyond the power of expression. For the entire anecdote see Vol. II. p. 328 to 330.

A description of the mode of life of the free Indians, residing in the woods of Guiana, in little villages, and procuring their food from the rivers, the sea, and the forests, closely re-

sembles that of other Indian tribes in North America, and in different quarters of the globe visited by British navigators.

Of the climate of Guiana our author speaks favourably, and considers the relations of its unhealthiness as proceeding either from prejudice or want of correct information. When the French Ex-directors were exiled to Cayenne, in one of the republican revolutions, we heard of nothing but the horrid climate, yet most of them, particularly M. Barthelemy, who escaped, came to England in better health than he had enjoyed in France. The country, it seems, is flat, like Holland, and being near the sea, the inhabitants in the hottest season are refreshed by sea breezes. It is a satisfaction likewise, in case our brave soldiers and sailors should hereafter be called upon again to make conquests in those distant regions, to know "that the Western Code of Hospitality, so prominent at "Barbadoes, is not confined to that island, but extends "equally to the coast of South America." The planters invited the Doctor in the most cordial manner to their several houses, offering him every accommodation at their plantations in the country whenever he could find time to be released from his stationary duty at the military hospital in the town of Stabrock.

We have finally to notice the information and advice which he gives in his medical capacity to all persons whose duty or interest may require their presence in the West Indies, relating to that dreadful disorder so prevalent in that climate and in America, called the Yellow Fever. The advice is the more important as it is the result of long attentive investigation, and of extensive experience, and because it corrects some errors of other medical professors which have proved fatal to their unfortunate patients. It would be unfair to extract either his theory or practice; liberality dictates another line of conduct, that of recommending those whom it may concern. Letter III. Vol. III. comprising *Medical Discussions—the Author's disappointment with respect to obtaining information from the local experience of the Colonial Practitioners—the Dutch treatment at variance with that of the English in the disease called the Yellow Fever*, &c. and Letter XXVIII. of the same volume, concerning *the Seasoning, or Yellow Fever.*

ART. V.—*Observations on the Nature and Cure of Gout, on Nodes of the Joints, and on the Influence of certain Articles of Diet in Gout, Rheumatism, and Gravel. By James Parkinson. Octavo.* 174 *Pages.* London. *Price* 7s.

Concluded from p. 448.

IN the seventh chapter the author very ably refutes the doctrine laid down by Dr. Kinglake, who has boldly asserted that there is not any essential difference between gout and common inflammation; we also find a very proper animadversion on the light manner in which Dr. K. speaks of that most painful and dangerous complaint Gout at the Stomach; in which cases Mr. Parkinson recommends the stomach and bowels to be cleared, a blister to be applied to the pit of the stomach, the part from which the gout has removed to be immersed in warm water, and afterwards covered by a sinapism. He then states that gout is often removed from one part to another by trifling causes; to illustrate which some instances are mentioned which prove that cases sometimes occur wherein the checking of gouty inflammation is not only unsafe, but extremely dangerous, and that the same is also applicable to acute rheumatism. One case which is related very strikingly corroborates the opinions which the author has laid down; we are sorry that we cannot, on account of its length, quote it verbatim. After repeated attacks of gout in the foot, the patient, then about 40 years of age, ventured to make trial of the application of cold water, by which the pain subsided most rapidly, so that on the following day he found himself perfectly free from pain, and able to walk about as usual. At the end of about six weeks the last joint of the third finger of the left hand was attacked by a slight stinging aching pain and became a little enlarged; about twelve months from that time he found a dull aching pain in the hip, which gradually increased, and strongly resembled sciatica; some relief was obtained by the application of blisters, an enlargement however took place in the last joint of the fore finger of the right hand; in the course of four years the first joint of the finger of the left hand was attacked with proper gouty inflammation, when he had again recourse to the application of cold water, which caused the pain and inflammation to subside as before. About eight months after this there appeared an enlargement of the last joint of the second finger of the right hand, and in about a month after there was a second attack of gout in the same finger as before, which was again put a stop to by the application of cold water; within three months the last joint of

the fore finger of the right hand began to enlarge, and a similar swelling took place, four months after, in the last joint of the thumb of the same hand. After some time, other anomalous complaints shewed themselves, viz. a painful and girting sensation in the thighs and calves of the legs, pains in the knee and ankle joints, accompanied with crackling and snapping of the joints, which were found to be more severe in winter than in summer. The spine at length became affected, and about the same time the internal malleoli and metatarsal bones became so painful as almost to preclude walking. He invariably found these pains much increased after having indulged in wine and acidulous fermented liquors, therefore determined to avoid every thing arescent; and in order to correct any acidity already existing in the system, he took from eight to sixteen grains of carbonate of soda every day, and applied a leech to each of the swelled joints, by which an evident diminution was effected. By persevering in this plan for about two months the pains abated considerably, and his strength was greatly restored. The application of each leech was invariably followed by inflammation and itching round the wound made by the leech; at one time the swelling and redness extended from the first joint of the finger almost to the shoulder.

From the copious analysis we have made of this work, our readers will conclude that the author's reasonings, as well as his practice, have met with our decided approbation. We think Mr. Parkinson merits particular commendation for the candid and temperate manner in which he has opposed the rash speculations and the dangerous practice lately promulgated by Dr. KINGLAKE, especially considering the vindictive and acrimonious manner in which that gentleman has treated those who have thought proper to differ from him in opinion. We sincerely hope that the general diffusion of this work will counteract the mischief that the hopes of a speedy cure without the necessity of confinement or the alteration of bad habits has induced many persons to run the risk of by plunging a limb affected by the gout into cold water. We daily hear of the sudden deaths and apoplectic affections from the sudden reduction of the temperature of a part suffering from asthonic inflammation,

Hinc subitæ mortis, atque intestata senectus.

ART. VI.—*Travels after the Peace of Amiens through Parts of France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. By J. G. Lamaitre, Esq.* 8vo. 3. *vols. London.* J. Johnson, 1806.

(Concluded from p. 430.)

IN our last number, Mr. Lemaitre and his lady having arrived in safety at Turin, proceed to relate to their friend in England the particulars of their passage over Mount Cenis, in which we find little that has not been remarked and published by former travellers; except the improvements made by Buonaparte in the hospital for the reception of Pilgrims and distressed travellers, situated near the Post-house in the valley or rather flat, on the top of the mount; a flat covering a space of four or five English miles, and lying a thousand fathoms above the level of the sea.

At Suza, a neat little town on the Italian side of Mount Cenis, our author on entering their bed chamber observed the uncommon size of the bed. "In France and Switzerland, where husbands and wives seldom occupy the same apartment the beds are extremely small. It is singular enough that in Italy where certainly the inhabitants are not celebrated for domestic attachment, the reverse is the fact: a bed in Italy is seldom less than six feet wide and is often larger.

The changes that have taken place in Turin, the once famous capital of the Kings of Sardinia as sovereigns of Piedmont are described with those feelings which the depredations the French naturally excite.

'The royal palace is now inhabited (October 1802), by General Jourdan, who with the title of General Administrator of Piedmont, is the proconsul, or more properly speaking the viceroy of the country. We obtained permission to see the palace in the evening, and were on entering it, led into a long suit of small rooms which formerly possessed some works of the first masters; but the best of those paintings have been removed to Paris, and nothing remains worth remarking. We then visited the hall, which in other days contained the throne of the monarch, and where he was accustomed to keep his court and receive foreign ministers. This apartment is now neglected, dirty, and almost unfurnished; but enough is left of former splendour to prove that it must have been a magnificent room. The saloon where the queen used to have her drawing-rooms has still the lustre, gilding, and other ornaments which belonged to it in better days. It is still handsome, but disgustingly dirty. The King's private apartment, as likewise the queen's, we were refused the permission of seeing, because General Jourdan occupied the

former and his wife who was expected from Paris the same night intended to lodge in the other. "Alas!" said our conductor with a sigh of regret, "it was very different formerly: our good King instead of denying leave to see his rooms took great pleasure in showing the palace himself to strangers—mais ces parvenus, these new comers," and he changed the subject by pointing out another object to our attention. We walked through the gallery which still contains some good pictures; but we had not sufficient light to examine them, for General Jourdan only allows those rooms which may still be seen to be visited after five o'clock in the evening.

'The Opera-house, or principal theatre of Turin, is a magnificent building, and one of the first of the kind in Italy. It has not suffered from the revolution except by neglect: nothing has been destroyed; but it is now offensively dirty. In shape, size, and decorations it resembles our Opera-house in the Haymarket. On the second day of our abode at Turin we drove to the Palais de Cardigan, one of the finest palaces of this city; but we were not allowed to see any part of it except the stairs and the court-yard, the apartments being inhabited by two French generals, who imitating the example of their commander-in-chief, refused to exercise this lowest act of hospitality to the strangers who came hither. The University of Turin formed the next object of our attention. The Cabinet des Antiques, or the King's Museum, has had so many of its curiosities removed that it no longer deserves a visit. The Table Jsiaque one of the most celebrated Egyptian monuments met with in Italy, (it is of dark copper the colour of coffee, on which hieroglyphic figures are engraved, see de Lalande's Voyages in Italy) has been removed to Paris. A mummy in good preservation and a few statues brought from the stair-case of the royal palace are the only things left.'

It would be uncandid not to notice the few good alterations made by the French government, after exposing the rapacity of their governors and their government. "They saw a large building, formerly a convent, converted into a workhouse, a more useful establishment, where different manufactures are carried on, and in which persons of both sexes are employed."

The journey from Turin to Genoa, the subject of the next letter, is not very interesting, except the short account of Alexandria, and of the village of Marengo in the vicinity of the city, which is more properly written Alessandria. Marengo now gives its name to the whole department. "A triumphal arch has lately been erected, having passed under which, one enters the principal square of Alessandria. On this arch is written:

Department de Marengo
una sola legga,
alla victoria di Marengo,
alla pace, alla concordia,
alla fraterno amore.

Not translated in the work:

Department of Marengo,
only one league,
to the victory of Marengo,
to peace, to concord,
to fraternal love.

In a quarter of an hour after leaving the town they passed a small river, behind which the imperial cavalry were entrenched on the day of battle, and they soon came into the ever memorable field of Marengo.

'I need not tell you with how much curiosity I viewed a spot that had so lately been the theatre of an event on which the fate of Europe depended. The field where this bloody contest took place is not properly a plain, but an unenclosed open level space of ground cultivated every where except on the high road. There are rows of trees (principally mulberries) in the bodies of which balls are still visible. Near these trees the battle was fought. The village of Marengo which adjoins on the right of the road to Genoa, and in the direct road to Tortona, consists of only eight or nine scattered houses of wretched appearance. In one of them, that which stands nearest the farm yard, the combat raged with peculiar violence; for the French and Austrians possessed and dispossessed each other of the spot several times in the course of the day. General Dessaix was killed a few yards from this house.'

Here our author falls into a slight inaccuracy, he says, "a pillar (not such a one as the event deserves, but a shabby paltry one) records the fact," and he then gives the inscription on it which he took on the spot in Italian, Latin, and French. In English it runs thus:

Here at Marengo
the 25th of Prairial
the 8th year
Bonaparte,
First Consul
of the French Republic
led the army
to Victory.

Not the least notice is taken of Dessaix whose fall the pillar and inscription are said to record. The post-boy who drove them said that the night after the battle, he conducted General Melas's aid-de-camp to Bonaparte's quarters in order to make the arrangements for the surrender of Alessandria; and that the numbers of dead bodies so completely stopped the road, that the carriage was obliged to pass over them. He said, "the

" wheels cracked every moment with the noise of broken " bones. The French were obliged after the battle to make " a pile of dead bodies and to set fire to them. This pre- " caution was absolutely necessary to prevent the danger " which otherwise would have arisen from the putridity of " these carcases." The people of the country told them that the Austrians had 120,000 men, of whom a large number, principally cavalry, remained on the Alessandrian side of the river unengaged, and indeed it appears from other undoubted evidence, that in this and other battles treason prevailed in the Austrian armies.

We observe with regret that the description of Genoa is defective and unsatisfactory. The brief outline is all that we can collect worthy of notice; the pages are filled up by notes taken from the celebrated Addison's Travels in Italy, a work above one hundred years old; and it is at this city that M. Lemaitre commences a practice much too prevalent, which he continues throughout his whole Italian tour—namely, that of giving catalogues of pictures, which to his readers at home can be no more than empty words; and as for those travellers who may hereafter visit the places, it is well known that local descriptions of the pictures in churches, palaces, and private cabinets are always to be had on the spot. The brief sketch of Genoa, merits more attention.

' It is a city of palaces built on the shore of the most temperate sea in the world, and enjoying the mildest climate under the sun. The magnificent churches; superb public and private edifices, many of which stand on an eminence; the towers, domes, and steeples which seem to rise out of the water—these objects mixed with the shipping, light-houses and other maritime views, present a tout-ensemble which really beggars description. Though the houses, many of which are built entirely of marble, are all of handsome architecture, large and lofty, yet the streets are so extremely narrow that the buildings lose much of their effect. Carriages are not allowed to roll in Genoa, except in entering and leaving the town; and chains are placed in order to prevent the use of these vehicles. The city, including the fortifications, is said to cover a total of twelve English miles. Its port forms a semicircle of six thousand feet diameter; and the town is built in an amphitheatre, the length of which is estimated at eleven thousand feet. The port is formed by two moles or piers; one to the east called Molo Vecchio; and the other to the west called Molo Nuovo; in English the old and the new Moles. Ships of war carrying eighty guns can enter the port and lie in the angle of the pier.

One of the most agreeable walks at Genoa, and one of the spots from which the town is seen to the greatest advantage is found on the ramparts which cover the whole length of the port, and extend from the convent of St. Anthony to the lanthorns or light-houses.'

The objects of the greatest curiosity follow in ample details, but as they consist of descriptions of the external appearance and the interior decorations of churches and palaces; of images, statues, and pictures, they are left to the perusal of amateurs from p. 205 to 229, vol. I. With respect to its change of government it has suffered much from the French: loss of independence, the abolition of nobility, forced loans and contributions, and an unsuccessful commerce by sea have been the result of the revolution which has placed Genoa under the dominion of France, and has impoverished some, and totally ruined others, formerly the most wealthy of its inhabitants. The Genoese territory is now the Ligurian republic, of which Bonaparte is the supreme ruler, though Genoa has still a Doge, his Lieutenant Governor.

From Genoa our travellers proceeded to Milan, having visited on the road the city of Pavia, of which little more is noticed than what the author finds in Addison's Italy, and Lalande's Voyage en Italie, which were his constant companions; with whom he makes so free both at Pavia and Milan, that he has but little more to add of his own observations.

'The chapel di morti, of the dead, at Pavia, in the church of St. Mary, is formed entirely of the skulls and bones of the French and Spaniards, who in the famous battle of Pavia were drowned in attempting to cross the bridge. These skulls and bones are arranged like the tiles of a house, with horrid precision; and a single lamp gives a glimmering and melancholy light. A box is handed to those strangers who are led here by curiosity, into which the pious and charitable are desired to drop a few sous towards the expence of masses for the souls of those whose relics are here deposited. The chapel has thus become a source of revenue to the priests of the church within which it is situated.'

For the description of the celebrated Cathedral of Milan, and the History of St. Charles Borromeo, borrowed chiefly from Addison, we refer the curious to p. 248. The Ambrosian library founded by Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, nephew of St. Charles, formerly contained forty-thousand volumes, besides a collection of pictures, statues, models, machines, and natural history. It has suffered by French depredations; the manuscript copy of the Antiquities of Josephus, translated by Ruffin, which was considered as the most valuable in the library, has been stolen; this manuscript was written on Egyptian Papyrus, and was eleven hundred years old. The French have likewise carried off another manuscript which used to excite no little curiosity, the subject of it being the Lives of the Popes, in which the author records the election of a female Pope, commonly

known by the name of Pope Joan; the manuscript letters of Pope Pius the Second and other esteemed works have shared the same fate, and probably when peace is restored will be shewn to curious and learned travellers in the national library at Paris.

M. Lemaitre received a visit at his inn from an Italian impromptu poet; these gentlemen are met with in most of the cities of Italy; in general they have been well educated; some of them at Universities, and possess classical knowledge, without which they could not form regular verses, after a few minutes' reflection, on different subjects proposed to them, introducing in their recitals references to events in ancient history, and to the fables of Pagan mythology.

The journey from Milan to Bologna by the way of Parma, Placenzia, and Modena, with a brief description of the principal curiosities, chiefly pictures, fills up two letters.

At Bologna, the first object which arrested the attention of M. Lemaitre was the celebrated statue of Neptune, the work of John of Bologna, and justly esteemed one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture. We are told that he examined attentively this Neptune, which stands in a conspicuous part of the town, and that it was fortunate its colossal size rendered it impracticable to carry it across the Alps: it would have otherwise long since adorned the streets of Paris.

'To the long list of pictures in the palace of Zembecarri and the church of St. Paul, we find annexed an explanatory note which should be kept in mind by his readers whilst accompanying him in his numerous visitations of picture galleries throughout his whole tour.

'To prevent the surprise which the English reader may feel at discovering that such superior pictures (as are to be found in the church of San Paolo) have escaped the grasp of the French government, I beg leave to mention, that the republicans made a distinction, from which they never deviated, between the property of churches or religious houses, and that of private individuals. The former was seized without mercy, but the latter was with few, if any exceptions, respected by the victorious enemy. It is true that many proprietors, in consequence of the enormous contributions which they were called upon to pay, were obliged to sell some or all of their pictures and statues, and thus private palaces have occasionally undergone the same fate as churches, public buildings, and convents; but where the possessors found other means of paying their quota of taxation, their collections escaped unhurt. This sort of moderation in the French has preserved to Bologna in particular, and to many other towns besides, some of the most interesting objects by which strangers are attracted.'

The following alterations, however, in the present state of Bologna are properly noticed:

'The palazzo Bentivoglio, which formerly contained the most valuable collection of pictures in all Italy, Rome excepted, is locked up; the palazzo Ranuzzi is no longer shown; nor the palazzo Caprari; the palazzo Monti is locked up; as are also the palaces of Favi, Magnani, and Aldrovandi; the three last were spoiled by the French soldiers who were quartered there during the war. The palazzo Lambertini exists no more as a place of public exhibition.

'Of the churches, St. Michal in Bosco is turned into a prison. The Capuchins convent, after being completely spoiled by the French, has been pulled down. The Mendicant convent and church di Dentio has been destroyed, and the pictures are at Paris. St. Salvatore still exists, and is one of the finest churches at Bologna; but the precious manuscripts and rare editions of valuable books formerly admired in the convent belonging to it, are at Paris. The church of Corpus Domini has nothing left worth observing except the ceiling, the figures on which are by Franceschini. The resurrection by Hannibal Caracci, formerly seen in the fourth chapel of this church has been carried away. The convent formerly attached to the church of St. Rosaire is now a barrack.'

"The church of St. Vitale is now the gallery, or museum, "or general receptacle of the pictures taken from the other churches and religious houses," but no mention is made of the collection, which deserved particular notice amidst the author's catalogues of pictures, yet we are otherwise informed that it was made with taste and judgment by professors and amateurs, being destined to the use of students in the art of painting who are allowed to work in this museum. For the remaining details of the churches, &c. see p. 304 to 315.

Of the institute of Bologna so celebrated in every part of Europe, M. Lemaitre observes, "that it did not quite answer "the expectations which he had formed from its great re-"pute." He admits, however, "that the arrangement is "much changed," (and we are authorised to say for the better), indeed he gives one instance of it himself—"a fine "anatomical collection in wax, formerly belonging to the "late Earl Cowper, and made at Florence, has been added, "containing models of accouchemens of every kind."

Florence was the next station visited by our travellers, in the description of which we find nothing new; we know that the famous Venus de Medici of the celebrated Florentine gallery has been long since in the national museum at Paris; and we feel the force of the reflection on the London populace—"that the statues which adorn the streets of Florence, and for which the inhabitants have such a natural respect that they have remained uninjured for a great number of years, if placed in similar situations in London would

probably in a few hours be covered with advertisements and rubbish, and mutilated, if not entirely destroyed;" but we think his pen might have been employed to more purpose in particularizing the beauties of these fine pieces of sculpture. With respect to society and manners, his observations are highly interesting and relieve the mind after the usual repetition of picture scenes. The account of the late poor King of Etruria and of his new kingdom is satisfactory, and will afford much pleasure to his readers.

Rome, "once the mistress of the world, and perhaps still "one of the most interesting spots on the continent of "Europe," was anxiously held in expectation during a fever which detained our author at Florence longer than he intended, and caused him to abandon his original plan of going to Pisa and Leghorn, those places being out of the direct road to the ancient capital of Italy. The intervening subjects on the road are a description and brief history of Sienna, the Colonia Senensis of Pliny. The lofty mountain of Radicofani, wild in its appearance, is remarked by naturalists as the first spot on the Apennines in which vestiges of an extinguished volcano are discovered. At an inn situated where the lava once flowed, they passed the first night of the journey. The next morning they proceeded to St. Lorenzo, the first town of any size in the Pope's dominions, and which proved its dependence on his government by the filth and poverty of its inhabitants. They arrived at Viterbo in the evening, escorted by a party of dragoons, M. Lemaitre having judged it prudent to take this precaution, "as the courier carrying the bag of letters from Florence to Rome had been robbed only the night before." The principal attractions of Viterbo are the medicinal good qualities of its mineral waters and the sight of the preserved body of Santa Rosa di Viterbo, and of the house in which that maiden saint resided during her pilgrimage in this world.

From Viterbo they reached Rome by day light, and the entrance of that city by the Porta del Popolo (the people's gate) is said to be "extremely striking. The gate, itself a beautiful object, leads to the piazza of the same name; on each side of which stand two churches with corresponding beautiful façades; between which runs the Corso or principal street. In the centre of the place is erected an Egyptian obelisk, no less remarkable for its height than for its vast antiquity."

Hitherto we have kept pretty close company with our travellers; but Rome with its innumerable objects of admiration presents such an extensive field, that in the language of sportsmen we shall be unable to beat it thoroughly, and therefore having started the game, we must leave it to our author's readers; and we hope they will form a large company

to pursue his course, assuring them that from the commencement of the diary of his first residence at Rome, Letter XVIII. Vol. I. to the end of his travels, the work becomes more and more interesting, being replete with useful information and interspersed with pleasing anecdotes.

As no more than the Christmas week was spent in the first visit to Rome, the author will be found at Naples in the three next Letters which close Vol. I. with the account of the journey to and arrival at that beautiful city. The description of the Bay of Naples is copied from Addison's Remarks on Italy. The particular account of the Lazaroni or the poor of Naples is new and curious. Of the extreme ignorance of the Neapolitan nobility of both sexes two very laughable instances are given in p. 416 and 417.

The second volume opens with a description of the court of his Sicilian Majesty. The king and queen, their son, the hereditary prince, his consort, and the princess dined in public on the king's birth day, and, according to the etiquette observed by the Bourbon family, held their court while they sat at table. M. Lemaitre and his wife were presented by Mr. Drummond, the British minister, and received with many other English travellers with distinguished attention. The persons of the royal family, the dresses of the Neapolitan nobility, tawdry and tarnished, gave a most miserable appearance to the persons who formed the court.

'Two days after the King's birth day, the English ladies were presented to the Queen at a private audience to which no persons were admitted but the parties, accompanied by Mr. Drummond. Her Majesty upon this occasion made a kind of speech, and expressed how happy she was to see so many English ladies at her court—"for I esteem (she added) the venerable character of your queen, and think very highly of British females in general; they are good daughters, good wives, and good mothers."—As the compliment was addressed to all, no one made any reply, but Mr. Drummond considering this praise as offered to the country he represents, made very naturally a bow of gratitude. "Point des réverénces, Monsieur," exclaimed the queen. "I speak of English ladies, and by no means of English men—they are libertines, spendthrifts, drunkards, and inconstants. If I were a man I would take an English wife, but God forbid I should have an English husband."'

Of the curiosities in and about Naples our author gives a more full and satisfactory account than any preceding writer; particularly of the articles in the museum of the King's palace at Portici, found in the ancient and excavated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. See p. 21 to 25. The return to Rome took place during the Easter week, when the author saw the ceremony of the Pope washing the feet of twelve

poor pilgrims; he was likewise presented to his holiness, who received Mrs. L. with great politeness, seated himself by her on a sofa in his garden and entered into familiar conversation. He is represented as a simple courteous old man, free from that pride and haughtiness which used to distinguish the sovereign Pontiffs. Mr. L. was also introduced to the old Cardinal of York, the last of the Stuart family, who still assumes the title of King of Great Britain on medals, one of which he gave to Mrs. L. with this legend. Hen. IX. Mag. Brit. Fr. et Hib. Rex. Fid. Def. Card. et Tusc. Epis.

From Rome they proceeded to Venice; but in the detailed account we met with nothing more than the common observations of other travellers. From Venice the tour is continued to Vienna, and the scene changes to a description of Germany; visits to Dresden; Bohemia; Berlin; Mecklenburgh-Schewrin; Mecklenburg-Strelitz, belonging to our Queen's brother; to Lubec; to Frederick-Stadt, where M. L. supposes the inhabitants had never seen an English chariot before, because they examined every part of his accurately; at length they arrived at Tonningen, and from thence embarked for Yarmouth, and so ends the Travels.

ART. VII.—ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ: *or, The Diversions of Purley. Parts First and Second. By John Horne Tooke, A.M. late of St. John's College, Cambridge. Two Vols.* 4to. *Vol. I.* 1798, *Vol. II.* 1805. *Price* 3*l.* 3*s.* Johnson.

(Concluded from p. 201.)

AS a sincere proof of the high estimation in which we hold Mr. Tooke's critical abilities, we have endeavoured in our examination of his work to show that he has been frequently anticipated in his derivations and sometimes mistaken. Viewing him as a man who would treat general censure with scorn, and who would be disgusted with indiscriminate praise, we have pointed out his errors as a compliment to himself, and as a duty to our readers. For such *corrections* (if they really be so) we have no doubt of obtaining the thanks of the author.

In continuation of those epithets which are reproachfully applied to the fair sex, we find in page 151, that

'WENCH is the past participle of Vincian, to wink, i. e. one that is *winked at*; and, by implication, who may be had by a nod or a *wink*. Observe, that great numbers of words in English are written

and prononnced indifferently with CH or K, as *Speak* and *Speech*, *Break* and *Breach*, *Seek* and *Seech*, *Dike* and *Ditch*, *Drink* and *Drench*, *Poke* and *Pouch*, *Stink* and *Stench*, *Thack* and *Thatch*, *Stark* and *Starch*, *Wake* and *Watch*, *Kirk* and *Church*, &c.'

With this etymology we are by no means satisfied. Mr. Tooke has given us no examples from the early state of our language to prove that the word was thus contemptuously applied. Shakespear has employed the word with a very different meaning. In Othello, Act 3, Scene 3, Emilia having taken up the handkerchief dropped by Desdemona, her husband Iago says, "A good *wench*, give it me;" and in the last scene, when Othello is convinced of the fidelity of his wife, when he is fully persuaded that she was not to be *had* by

"Nods and becks and wreathed smiles;"

he exclaims,

"Now: how dost thou look now? Oh! ill starr'd WENCH,
"Pale as thy smock: when we shall meet at compt,
"This look of thine will hurl my soul from Heaven,
"And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?
"Even like thy chastity."

The Anglo-saxons had Vencle, ancilla, filia (from whence our WENCH) but with no opprobrious signification, and no person can suppose that Vencle is derived from Vincian to wink.

Quitting the remaining sisters of this frail family, as Prostitute, Concubine, Trull, Drab, Punk, &c. with whom there can be no difficulty etymologically or otherwise, we arrive by a transition (very natural to Mr. Tooke) to the more dignified orders of society. Page 155, Sir Francis observes,

"Speaking of *Varlets* you mentioned the word LORD.
"That word is not yet become quite an opprobrious term,
"whatever it may be hereafter; which will depend entirely
"upon the conduct of those who may bear that title, and
"the *means* by which it may usually be obtained. But what
"does the word mean? For I can never believe with Skinner,
"that it proceeds from Hlaf, panis et *Ford* (pro *Afford*) sup-
"peditare: quia scilicet multis panem largitur, i. e. multos
"alit*. For the animal we have lately known by that name
"is entirely of a different description."

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* Lord, ab A. S. Hlaford, postea Louerd, Dominus: hoc a Hlaf panis et *Ford* pro *Afford* suppeditare. Quia sc. dominus, i. e. nobilis multis panem largitur, i. e. multos alit. *Skinner.*

Junius and Verstigan concur with this derivation; though Junius acknowledges a difficulty——"quoniam nusquam adhuc incideram in vocabulum A Saxonicum quod responderit Angl. afford."

H.

'You know it was anciently written Hlaford; and our etymologists were misled by Hlaf, which, as they truly said, certainly means, and is our modern LOAF. But when they told us that LOAF came from Hlaf, they thought their business with that word was completed; and this is their usual practice with other words. But I do not so understand etymology. I could as well be contented to stop at LOAF in the English, as at Hlaf in the Anglo-saxon: for such a derivation affords no additional nor ultimate meaning. The question with me is still, Why Hlaf in the Anglo-saxon? I want a meaning as to the cause of the appellation, and not merely a similar word in another language.

'Had they considered that we use the different terms BREAD and DOUGH and LOAF for the same material substance in different states, they would probably have sought for the etymology or different meanings of those words in the circumstances of the different states; and had they so sought they probably would have found; and the meaning of the word Hlaf would have saved them from the absurdity of their derivation of LORD.

'BREAD we have already explained: it is *brayed* grain. After breaking or pounding the grain, the next state in the process towards LOAF is DOUGH, and

'DOUGH—Is the past participle of the Anglo-saxon verb Deawian, to moisten or to wet. DOUGH therefore or DOW means *wetted*.'

You will not fail to observe, en passant, that DEW (A. S. Deaw), though differently spelled and pronounced, is the same participle with the same meaning.

"Ane hate fyry power, warme and DEW
"Hevinly begynnyng and original
"Bene in thay sedis quhilkis we saulis cal."
Douglas, lib. 6. p. 191.

"Of Paradise the well in Sothfastnes
"Foyson that floweth in to sondry royames
"The soyle to ADEWE with his swete streames."
Lyfe of Oure Lady, p. 165.

"Wherefore his mother of very tender herte
"Out *braste* on teres and might herselfe not *stere*.
"That all BYDEWED where her eyen clere."
Lyfe of Oure Lady, p. 167.

" And let my breste, benigne lorde, be DEWED
" Downe with somme drope from thy mageste."
Lyfe of Oure Lady, p. 182.

" With teares augmenting the fresh morning's DEAW."
Romeo and Juliet, p. 54.

" Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient pearl
" Bred in her shining shells, which to the DEAW doth yawn,
" Which DEAW they sucking out, conceive that lusty spawn."
Poly-olbion, Song 30.

After the BREAD has been *wetted* (by which it becomes DOUGH), then comes the *leaven* (which in the Anglo-saxon is termed Hæf and Hafen); by which it becomes LOAF.

LOAF—in Anglo-saxon Hlaf (*a* broad) is the past participle of Hlifian, to raise; and means merely *raised*. So in the Mæsogothic, Hlaibs is LOAF; which is the past participle of Hleibjan, to raise, or lift up.

In the old English translation we read, " He havynge mynde " of his mercy *took up* Israel his child." In the modern version, " He hath *holpen* his servant Israel in remembrance of " his mercy." Luke, c. 1. v. 54. But in the Gothic it is " Hleibida Israell," he hath raised or lifted up Israel.

When the etymologist had thus discovered that Hlaf meant *raised;* I think he must instantly have perceived that Hlaford was a compound word of Hlaf (raised or exalted) and Ord, *ortus*, source, origin, birth.

" LORD—therefore means *high-born* or of an *exalted origin*. With this explanation of the word, you will perceive that —— can no more make a LORD than they can make a *traitor*. They may indeed place a *thief* and a *traitor* amongst LORDS, and destroy an innocent and meritorious man as a *traitor*. But the *theft* and treachery of the one, and the innocence and merits of the other, together with the infamy of thus mal-assorting them, are far beyond the reach and power of any —— to do away."

Mr. Tooke has evidently pressed hard upon this word, and elaborated its derivation with fastidious acumen and political inveteracy. His etymology in this instance has been nourished with the milk of his prejudices. From his contempt of LORDS he would wish us to infer that their opulence never proved a *source* of *bread* to their dependants. But every man, in all civilized countries, who has derived property from his talents and industry, becomes the *source* of *bread* to the poorer class of people by his employment of their services. Skinner and Verstigan were mistaken in their composition of the word Hlaford, but it will be shewn that they were correct as to the meaning of the word, *source* of *bread*. We agree with Mr.

Tooke that LOAF means *raised, elevated,* and is the past participle of the Gothic and Anglo-saxon verbs Hleibjan and Hlifian; but we maintain that in the word Hlaford, Hlaf means bread and Ord source; and that Hlaford had nothing connected with exalted origin, but simply implied *source* of *bread.* In corroboration of this, see the 30th verse of the 21st chapter of Matthew: " Tha cwœth he calswa to tham othru; " Tha andswarude se him and cwœth hlaford ic ga." In the modern version it is, " And he came to the second, and said " likewise, and he answered and said I go, *Sir.*" Here the word Hlaford is used from the son to the father, without any allusion to the exalted birth of the latter. The father, as Matthew states, was a *certain man* having two sons, whom he ordered to go and work in his vineyard. Had he been a man of *exalted origin,* it is most probable he would not have put his sons to such employment. All servants termed their masters Hlaford. A bricklayer's labourer would have so denominated his master. This is confirmed by the 4th verse of the 21st chapter of Exodus: " Gif he nœbbe and his hlaford him " wif sylle and hig suna hæbbon and dohtra tha wif and hire " wincle beoth thæs hlafordes." In the modern version it is, " If his *master* have given him a wife, and she have borne him " sons or daughters; the wife and her children shall be her " masters."

It is unnecessary to make any comments on this passage, but merely to observe that the quotation refers to the then existing laws between master (Hlaford) and servant; so that a man who could afford to keep servants (whatever his *birth, origin,* &c. might have been) became entitled to the appellation of Hlaford from his means of maintaining these servants; or, according to the strict derivation of Hlaford, of being to them the *source* of *bread.*

We find another and very material objection in Mr. Tooke's employment of the word Ord for *birth,* in which sense we do not recollect to have seen it. It may be very correct to state that *origin, source, cause* and *birth* are nearly synonymous; but we hazard an opinion, grounded on an intimate acquaintance with the Anglo-saxon language, that Ord was not used as a term conveying the idea of family descent.

It must not be denied that the author has one argument in favour of his etymology—vulgar acceptation; and on this he appears to rely (page 67) in the explanation of " *a very* " *innocent word*" which the *Egyptians* thought *divine.* He observes, " The meaning of this word appears to have been " understood by those who introduced the vulgar country " custom of saying 'upon *such an occasion,*' and 'joy GO " with you." So it appears somewhat favourable to Mr. Tooke's derivation that a person who happens to have a *raised,*

elevated (subaud: SPINE, BACK) vulgarly HUMPBACKED, is by the blackguards nick-named my LORD.

In page 167 Mr. Tooke says,

'Log and Load, as well as LAW, are also the past participle of Lagjan, Lecgan, ponere, *to lay*. Lag (A broad, and retaining the sound of the g) LOG, from the Anglosaxon, corresponds with POST from the Latin. We say indifferently "To stand like a POST," or "To stand like a LOG" in our way.

'*Lag-ed* or *Lag'd* (dismissing the sound of the *g*) becomes *Lad* (A broad) or LOAD. And you will not fail to observe, that though *Weight* is subaud, and therefore implied in the word LOAD; yet *Weight* is not Load, until cuivis *Impositum*.'

LOG and LOAD do not seem (in our opinion) to be derived from the same root. In Anglosaxon the verb is Hladan, to load, to impose a weight; a very different word from Lecgan, to *lay*. Log is the past participle of Lægan *jacere*. We may indeed say to *stand* like a POST, but to *stand* like a LOG is absurd. We can however accommodate Mr. Tooke by *setting up* his LOG, and thus convert it to a POST, or by knocking down his POST which will then become a LOG.

On many occasions we find a multitude of words jumbled together like 'pressed men into a Tender. We read, page 181,

'Our English verb *To Bar* is the Gothic and Anglosaxon verb Bairgan, Beorgan, Birgan, Byrgan: which means to defend, to keep safe, to protect, to arm, to guard, to secure, to fortify, to strengthen. And the past participle of this verb has furnished our language with the following supposed substantives:

'A Bar
'A Barn
'A Baron
'A Barge
'A Bargain
'A Bark, a vessel
'The Bark of a Tree
'The Bark of a Dog
'A Barken
'A Hauberk
'A Burgh
or
'Borough
or
'Warren
'A Borowe
'Burial
'Hauberg
'Usbergo.'

A Bar in all its senses is a defence, that by which any thing is *fortified*, strengthened, or defended.

A Barn (Bar-en Bar'n) is a covered inclosure in which grain, &c. is protected or defended from the weather, from depredation, &c.

Without taking the trouble to examine the whole of this motley crew, we shall advert to the word *Barn*, with the meaning of which Mr. Tooke seems wholly unacquainted. He might have sought its etymology with little trouble by consulting Professor Ihre's Lex. Sviogoth. He would there have found that BARN means *Repository of Grain.* " Nam in orbe " Scythico Ern notat locum, ubi aliquid ponitur, et ne dubi- " tes, Anglosaxones laternam vocavere olim Lihtes-ern: Conf: " Hord-ern, ærarium, id est gazæ locus, Hors-ern stabulum " equorum Bere-ern et contracte *Bern* horreum, frumenti " locus." Proæmium, p. 26.

In page 319, " Welkin, Wheel and While are the partici- " ples of the Anglosaxon verb Willigan." To this there can be no objection; but we think in this enumeration of words derived from one root that others of the same family ought to have been introduced, as to *Welter*, *Welt*, to *Wallow*, and perhaps the Latin *Volvere*. While implies Time, and it is a subject of curious inquiry to ascertain how we became possessed of this term, and others signifying the same idea, in the Northern languages.

The Goths had the word MEL to express the idea of *Time*, the Anglosaxons used MÆL in the same sense. But the Gothic verb *Meljan* (from whence *Mel*) meant to Write, and the Anglosaxon verb Mælan (whence Mæl) to speak. The ignorance of the latter people may probably have led them to use the word in this sense.

It is very likely that the pronunciation of a word might represent to them the smallest space of Time. Dr. Young has beautifully said,

" We take no note of Time but from its loss,
" To give it then a *tongue* is wise in man."

The time occupied in writing a letter, word or page might well lead a people to employ such a designation of character as a punctum temporis. We now retain in our language several compounde dwords of the Anglosaxon Mæl, as *Piecemeal* and *Inchmeal*; of which Johnson did not possess the slightest intelligence. Piecemeal he says " in pieces, in fragments." But his explanation will not enable any one in search of information to understand the passages he has given from Chapman, Denham, Butler, South, and Pope.

Inchmeal he defines to be, " *a piece an inch long*," and adduces the passage from the Tempest,

" All th' infections that the sun sucks up
" From bogs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall, and make him
" By Inchmeal a disease."

Nothing can be more ludicrous than this explanation. A Foreigner, by the help of the Doctor's Dictionary, would properly conceive that the severities intended to be inflicted on Prospero consisted in "*a piece an inch long.*" Piecemeal and Inchmeal mean a *piece* or an *inch* at a time; or, as we often express ourselves, pie e by piece, inch by inch; and this satisfactorily accords with the citations from the different authorities.

The verb To Mell was formerly in use. In Wm. Dunbar's Twa Mariit We.nen and the Wedo, we find,

"God gif matrimony wer made to *mell* for ane yeer,
"It war bot monstrous to be mair, bot gif our mind is pleisit."

To *Mell* is to continue to endure; but Mr. Pinkerton, who wrote a glosarry to explain the difficult words, says To Mell "to meddle, have ado with."

On some occasions Mr. Tooke disagrees with himself; of this we shall adduce the following instance. p. 194.

'A YARD, to mete, or to measure with (before any certain extent was designated by the word) was called a *met-geard*, or metegyrd, or mete yard, i. e. something *prepared* to mete or measure with. This was its general name; and that *prepared* extension might be formed of any proper materials. When it was of wood, it was formerly called a YARDWAND, i. e. a *Wand prepared* for the purpose."

This is a badly *prepared* etymology, for in the preceding page Yare and Yard are associated as "the past participle of "the Anglosaxon verb Gyrwan, Gyrian, to prepare."

There can be no doubt but YARD is the past participle of the Anglosaxon Verb Gyrdan, to gird, and is in extent about the ordinary girth of a man; and this is confirmed by most of the cognate languages of the North.

We have derived many of the terms of mensuration from the rude anatomy of the body, as *foot*, *ell*, *cubit*, *fathom*, &c. indeed, in page 275, we find Mr. Tooke somewhat of the same opinion.

"Yard } Yard, in the Anglosaxon, Geard, { is the past
"Garden } { tense, and
"therefore past participle of the verb Gyrdan, cingere, to "*Gird*, to surround, to enclose; and therefore it is applicable "to any inclosed place; as *Court*-YARD, *Church*-YARD, &c." and still more explicitly in page 420, "Garth; i. e. *Girdeth*; "is commonly used in the same counties (viz. Lincolnshire "and the North) for a *Yard*."

But an examination of Mr. Tooke's Anglosaxon errors would be an endless task. He has evidently gleaned his

knowledge of the Northern dialects from an occasional inspection of ordinary vocabularies, without an acquaintance with any of the derivative languages of the Gothic, as Swedish, German, Dutch, and Islandic. To assert the truth, he is an indifferent Northern scholar. But this assertion is not intended to deny to Mr. Tooke the possession of powers greatly superior to the minutiæ of verbal accuracy.

The remaining part of the volume treats of adjectives and participles; but the account is so detailed and connected that it does not admit of abridgement; the reader is therefore referred to the work itself, the perusal of which will exercise his ingenuity and reward his labour.

Having fully discussed these subjects, the author says, "We will leave off here for the present. It is true that my "evening is now fully come, and the night fast approaching; "yet, if we have a tolerably lengthened twilight, we may "perhaps find time enough for a farther conversation on this "subject; and finally (if the times will bear it) to apply this "system of Language to all the different systems of Metaphy-"sical (i. e. verbal) Imposture."

Thus Mr. Tooke concludes his second volume; a work more desultory than the former, of inferior arrangement, and which exhibits evident marks of hasty composition. In common with all thinking persons, we ardently desire to see the conclusion of his book, and to witness his application of this system of language to all the different systems of Metaphysical Imposture. It is sincerely to be wished that this adaptation may have been made in the vigour of his age and in the maturity of his understanding,

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita;"

and that it is not now to be performed in the faint glimmerings of intellectual twilight. The atchievement of such a plan requires the same address, the same skill, and the same energy which successfully contended with the latent Junius. Old men never suspect the decline of their talents; and the desire of fame augments as the faculties dwindle;

....."Like our shadows,
"Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines."

We must now take an affectionate leave of Mr. Tooke, whose work will recommend itself to general notice, and which, when disencumbered of its petulant personalities, weeded of its political sarcasms, and purged from its impurities, properly arranged, and judiciously compressed, will form the best and most original volume on General Grammar and the Structure of Language that has hitherto appeared.

ART. VIII.—*An Historical Account of the Black Empire of Hayti; comprehending a View of the principal Transactions in the Republic of Saint Domingo, with its ancient and modern State. By Marcus Rainsford, Esq. late Captain 3rd West India Regiment. 4to. pp. 504, with a Map of the Island of St. Domingo, a Plan of Cape François as it existed before the Revolution, and Nine other Plates. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. London.* Cundee, Chapple, &c.

[Concluded from p. 336.]

WHEN we quitted this history our attention was occupied with the state of manners of the Africans in their independent establishments upon the island of St. Domingo. Their military discipline has already passed our review. In their civil situation the author found them greatly advanced, in all those gradations which mark the orders of European society. A revolution so sudden had indeed exalted individuals of ability and cunning to situations of eminence, and others still occupied the lower ranks, though not in a state of slavery. Captain Rainsford's account of general manners deserves to be extracted.

'The men were in general sensible and polite, often dignified and impressive; the women frequently elegant and engaging. The intercourse of the sexes was on the most rational footing, and the different degrees of colour which remained, had lost most of that natural hostility which formerly existed. Several Americans had intermarried with ladies of colour very advantageously, and to appearance happily. They were, generally, very agreeable women, and felt no inequality in their difference of complexion or nation. Like Sappho, they could plead, (in many instances, in point of wit, sprightliness, and pathos, little inferior to the Lesbian muse, though without her powers of song)

"Brown though I am, an Ethiopian dame
"Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
"Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
"And glossy black is pair'd with shining white."

'The drama, that source of rational delight, always so prevalent in St. Domingo, existed, in more strength and propriety than it had done before; and that licentiousness which appears inseparable to it in a higher state, was actually restrained. The representations were chiefly comedies *en vaudeville*, and a sort of pantomime;—sometimes serious representations, allusive to local circumstances, and sometimes merely humourous burlesques.—The conduct of the whole was highly creditable to the talents of the performers, some of whom yet remained from the French school, who, although driven

to seek a livelihood under such doubtful auspices, might have shone with equal lustre to their more fortunate contemporaries on an European stage. The black performers, who preponderated in number, were not behind in talents; the writer saw a play of Moliere's performed with an accuracy that would not have disgraced the first theatre in Europe.—Even painting, from some recent specimens, appeared to be encouraged, and cultivated as an accomplishment, in a slight degree. A young lady of colour, of the name of La Roche, presented a large company, of which the writer was one, in the course of a few minutes, with their likenesses, very accurately cut in profile.—Music, also, though it must be confessed, not such as to vie with the harmony of the spheres, was every where prevalent to an excess, and the practice of most kinds in use, though stringed instruments were preferred.—Yet, with an ardent sensibility that appeared in many instances, and which could not fail to be cultivated under present circumstances, the rich blacks suffered the greater part of the capital to lie in ruins; they appeared to shrink from reinstating it, as if in rebuilding their former residences, they should create new masters.

'The situation of those who still remained in humble privacy, and who formed the great bulk of the people, was indeed very greatly changed. Their condition, agreeably to their capacities of enjoyment, approached nearer happiness than many others which are considered its ultimatum. Crimes were by no means frequent, and those rather attributable to accident than vice. They were perfectly at liberty as regarded themselves, and were more ready to perform their social duties, than the state was urgent in requiring them. Those qualities conspicuous in the negroes under their worst circumstances, their regard for all the relations of life, and tenderness to each other, seemed expanded with their freedom, and many of the little prejudices that had existed wore away. Those amusements, which were formerly suppressed, had now free scope, but they restrained themselves from public annoyance with more regularity than could have been effected by the strictest police.'—P. 221.

The author continued for several weeks to amuse himself with observations on the manners of the people, and when the time arrived for the departure of the vessel, he quitted the island with reluctance. It was, however, his fate again to revisit it with the most imminent danger to his life. The vessel sprung a leak, and they were compelled to put into Fort Dauphin, where the master and the writer apprehended no danger or impropriety in going on shore. Hoisting therefore Danish colours, they came to anchor under a small fort; when in less than half an hour after landing the author was arrested by four blacks and a mulatto officer of great ferocity. They returned with him on board, where he was placed under guard till the morning. Early in the morning he was taken on shore and examined, under the charge that he was an English spy reconnoitring the coast. On the next day at ten o'clock he was brought before a regular military court, composed of

twelve black general officers, the etiquette of which astonished him.

'He was put on his defence in form, but all he could urge had not the smallest effect, as he had no passports nor any American papers to exhibit. Notwithstanding every appearance to the contrary, they had had some decisive testimony of imprudent liberty on the island; and, after several hours deliberation, he was condemned to suffer death as quick as possible. The master of the vessel behaved with dignity of character, and the utmost solicitude. He protested against the judgment, but without effect; and the prisoner was remanded till the sentence should be transmitted to the General-en-Chef, for his approval.

'He was then remanded to a different kind of prison, which, though little superior in point of accommodation, had the advantage of air, and the communication of the human species, though only by stealth. It was the remains of a dilapidated building, the part of which appropriated to the prisoner, was secured with strong iron bars, in a fashion then very prevalent: he had also the incumbrance of a chain from the right arm to the left foot. For fourteen days he lay in the agony of suspense between life and death, with every evening the cruel intimation, that he would certainly be hanged on the next morning.

'Even in this situation he could not resist the opportunity which his prison, or rather cage, afforded him, of observing the surrounding scene, which was more delightful than even fancy could picture. It was situated in the midst of a rich valley, through which a stream from the neighbouring hill meandred in romantic form. A church was nearly hid in the vale, and the rising ground was fortified in every direction. Over the whole the most exquisite foliage exhibited its charming fruits, with all the richness of a tropic region. Beneath the spreading cocoa, and the taller yam, he was nightly amused with the cheerful dance, the negroes assembling when they quitted labour, without any seeming appointment, but as a natural habit; sometimes they had, on *jours de fetes*, or holidays, a particular entertainment of activity, the principal part of which was the Calenda, or "dance of love." On these occasions they were dressed with peculiar care: those who had been recently employed in arms retaining some part of their uniform, and the females bedecked with various jewels: they had also a refection. The animation displayed by both sexes in the dance was astonishing, which consisting entirely of amatory history, was equal to many ballets which are performed on the French or Italian stage, while the dancers might have been called, without any dereliction from the Cytherean goddess, though not exactly comporting with her in complexion,

——"fair Venus' train."

'The *hauteur* with which they passed the prison of "the white man taken" was astonishing; yet some seemed willing to pity and relieve, but it arose rather from ostentation than mercy. One circumstance, however, occurred that remains deeply impressed in his

bosom, and relieves his mind while recording it, which would have done honor to the most dignified of a different complexion.

'After lying two nights on a couch, formed of dried sugar-canes, with a very slender supply of food, the prisoner had resigned himself to the vacuity of despair; he was stretched out in silent agony, when, as the night closed in, and the mirthful troops had progressively retired, a gentle female voice, with the tenderest accents, aroused his attention. How long the benign object had been there, he could not ascertain; but, when he looked up, and beheld her, his feelings were indescribable: she was a fine figure, rather tall, and slender, with a face most beautiful, and a form of the finest symmetry, improved by the melancholy air which the scene had given her. She was dressed in a superior style, and possessed all the elegance of European manners, improved by the most expressive carriage. She held a basket, containing the most delicate food, with the finest fruits: she entreated him to receive them silently, and to destroy any remnants, as a discovery would be fatal to her, and prejudicial to himself. He was about to reply with the ardour of gratitude, when, in an instant, she was gone! On the following evening she returned, and endeavoured to comfort him with the most obliging expressions; and, by evincing extreme anxiety on his behalf, once more light up the illusion of hope in his breast, which he had abandoned, with all human prospects, for ever. The next evening she repeated her visit, and condescended to favor him with more extensive communication. Still not a word occurred to disclose her name, or situation: once, indeed, she made some distant allusions to the English, which led him to imagine, she had been impressed with gratitude towards the country by some obligation. Whatever her name, or whatever her circumstances, if this slight memorial should live to reach that delightful isle, in which, as an angelic representation of mercy, she may yet stay the hand of the destroyer, it will bear to her the sincere effusions of a grateful heart, which, though bruised by those of a fairer skin, can never discharge its sense of duty.

'The faithful commander of the vessel, from whose mishap this dreadful circumstance arose, never long quitted the spot, and frequently ventured to whisper consolation, though with the greatest danger to himself; for it appeared a political method to expose the victims of justice, none being knowingly permitted to approach them. Whatever he heard, however, to relieve the dreadful suspense of his friend, the taciturnity of the jailor tended to contradict, as little could be obtained of information from him, except his assuring him every night, that he would certainly be hanged on the morrow.

'However, on the morn of the fifteenth day, when he had ventured to disengage himself of a part of his dress, for the purpose of a temporary relief from the weight of his chains, the answer of Toussaint arrived, bringing, instead of (as was fully expected) the confirmation of the sentence, an order from that truly great man for his release, and to be suffered to proceed on his voyage, with this prohibition, conveyed with much shrewdness, but the greatest magnanimity, "That he must never return to this island without *proper* "*passports!*"

'To describe his feelings on such an unexpected reverse, would be difficult and useless. Restored to himself once more, he did not long remain on a part of the island where his sufferings would have tended to efface the agreeable impressions received at Cape François. Once he tried to trace the haunts of his benevolent incognita, but in vain. She was impervious. He again bade adieu to this interesting soil, and at length reached his long-desired destination, the island of Martinique.'—P. 232.

The fifth chapter of this history details the war between the French republic and the independent blacks of St. Domingo. The account of Toussaint is highly interesting, and gives an impressive character of that remarkable man. We must refer to the work itself for the particulars of the operations, partly of war and partly of political corruption, which at length ended in a peace, or, as it was represented by General Le Clerc, a surrender of the island to France. The seizure and transportation of Toussaint to France, in May 1802, is described as an act of cruelty and treachery. During the voyage he was not permitted to see his family, and on the 11th of June we are informed he took his last view of those objects of his affection on the deck of the ship in Brest harbour. He was conveyed in a close carriage to the castle of Jouks, in Normandy, and from thence to Besançon, where he was kept in close confinement.

'This prison may be considered the sepulture of Toussaint. France forgot awhile the habits of a civilized nation, to entomb one she should have graced with a public triumph; and England, instead of making a common cause to annihilate a nation of heroes, and depress the human intellect when rising to its level, should have guarded from violation the rights of humanity in his person. It has been the lot of him whose feeble hand attempts a tribute of gratitude, respect, and justice to his character, to regret the ill-requited life of the discoverer of the new world, and the unpropitious efforts of the enlightened and benignant D'Ogeron, to view the untimely death of many brave and exalted characters in the fluctuation of events in the different attempts to obtain possession of an island whose fate is as conspicuous as the most celebrated ancient state; but in no one instance does the mind linger with such keen sensations as on the unhappy fortune of the great, the good, the pious and benevolent Toussaint L'Ouverture. The death of Toussaint is silently noticed in the Paris journals of April 27, 1803, and briefly alluded to in the London papers of the 2d of May following. In one of the most respectable of them is a paragraph nearly in these terms, whose briefness well characterizes an event which could only have been dwelt upon with shame:

"Toussaint L'Ouverture is dead. He died, according to letters from Besançon, in prison, a few days ago. The fate of this man has been singularly unfortunate, and his treatment most cruel. He

died, we believe, without a friend to close his eyes. We have never heard that his wife and children, though they were brought over from St. Domingo with him, have ever been permitted to see him during his imprisonment."—*Times, May* 2, 1803.

'Suspicions have been hinted of this event being accelerated by poison. The author, however, of an eloquent little popular work, states a circumstance from good authority, which would supersede the necessity for this means: "The floor of the dungeon," (in which Toussaint was confined,) he says, "was actually covered with water."—*Bonaparté in the West Indies*, &c.'—P. 324.

The peace with the blacks was nevertheless of short effect. Insurrections took place in various quarters, and the French Government exerted itself in the most sanguinary and horrid efforts to annihilate the negro force, which they saw the necessity of disarming.

'In attempting to disarm the black troops which had been incorporated with the French, the necessity whereof was discovered too late, the most barbarous methods were practised, ship-loads were collected, and suffocated in the holds. In one instance, six hundred being surrounded, and attempting a resistance, were massacred on the spot; and such slaughters daily took place in the vicinity of Cape François, that the air became tainted with the putrefaction of the bodies. At the same time the French troops being driven from the field, and obliged to fortify themselves in the chief towns, contagion spread every where, and the distress became dreadfully general. In their extremity, to aid and fill up the measure of their enormities, the use of blood-hounds was resorted to, that dreadful expedient, the temporary adoption of which in a neighbouring colony, had already excited the disgust of the powers of Europe.

The author in a note makes several earnest observations to shew that the blood-hounds which were introduced into Jamaica, against the Maroons, were no further used than by being marched in the rear of the army to impose terror on the blacks. We do not hesitate to declare that we think this an absurdity so gross as to confute itself. Nothing can be more silly than to suppose that these ferocious animals were landed in Jamaica with the hope and determination that they should promote the ends of war by their terrific reputation, while they marched in the rear. If nonsense like this can be believed, we may soon expect to hear of field-pieces and hand grenades carried to the place of action by men too merciful to use them; and soldiers will hereafter point their muskets at the enemy without firing, in the hope that they will run away from a knowledge of the qualities of that mischievous instrument. The author himself tells us a little too much about blood-hounds in the subsequent pages of his work to admit of our receiving the

comfort he is desirous of giving on this occasion to those who may have felt with us that the national character has been debased by this degrading expedient.

To return to our subject. The commencement of 1803 was marked by a cessation of arms more dreadful than active war, as it gave place to secret cruelties of still greater extent. On the arrival of four thousand troops in the month of March the orders to General Rochambeau were to commence offensive operations. The blacks under Dessalines had collected a considerable force upon the plain of the Cape, and after several skirmishes an action took place. During a temporary advantage against the blacks, a number of prisoners were taken, which the French, most probably from the mistaken policy of extermination, immediately put to death; an act of cruelty which was retaliated by the black General, who at break of day hung up all the officers and a number of privates on gibbets, in sight of the French camp; immediately after which they attacked the camp, threw the whole line in disorder, and drove the French army close to the walls of Cape François.

The recommencement of the war between Great Britain and France completed the destruction of the French power in the islands; and at the commencement of 1804 the ancient name of Hayti was given to the island of St. Domingo by its black inhabitants, on their regaining full possession, which was soon followed by an appointment of Jean Jaques Dessalines to the dignity of Emperor.

The sixth chapter concludes this work, with a few reflections on the establishment of a black empire and the probable effects of this colonial revolution. He thinks highly of the understanding of this new government, considers it as impracticable again to reduce the island to European subjection, apprehends no danger to other states from the establishment of such a community of the African race, and lastly, he concludes that the natural course of population among the black slaves in the European settlements will be productive of the most fatal consequences if humanity and good treatment do not render it more desirable for them to continue in the tranquil enjoyment of their present lot than to plunge into war and misery in the hope of a better state.

The Appendix contains various papers and documents, with auxiliary remarks. From these we shall extract the account of the Blood-hounds used in the American colonies.

'Among the numerous rude inventions of barbarous ages to attain a superiority in war, was that of the use of beasts in a variety of ways, in conjunction with their regular armies. In Virgil the effect of *bulls* sent in terrible array against an opponent is recorded, and Moses affords a ludicrous employment of *foxes*, driven with firebrands towards the enemy's camp. The *war-horse* and *elephant*

are also represented as taking an active share in the battle at all times. The introduction of *dogs*, however, is not so generally used, and one which is considered as likely to avail but in a very confined degree. The first particular mention of their use in acting with troops, is by Herrera, the Spanish historian, when describing the first conflict of Columbus with the Indians in 1492; the Sleute-hound of the Scots was in much repute as being early applied to discover the haunts of robbers; and Strabo is said to describe an attack upon the Gauls by dogs of the present description. The character of decided enmity to man, however, seems to have been preserved only in Spanish America, and the writer is induced from many circumstances to think that the quadruped which is the subject of this account is, though of a similar species to the Irish wolf-dog breed, a native of the South Seas.

'Whether or not the dog in a savage state would devour his master, as is asserted, shall not here be argued; it is certain that on the mode of rearing, and subsequent discipline for use, in war, much has always depended, and that (to the disgrace of human beings so employed) their education has been reduced to such a system, as to leave little of the natural character remaining.

'With the persons who breed and have the care of these animals in Spanish America, the public are already sufficiently acquainted; but there are some facts which are not equally known, both as respect these people, and the mode of rearing the dogs, as particularly practised in St. Domingo, to which attention is at present confined. The first of these subjects will be explained by a comparison easily made; and of the latter the writer is indebted for an accurate knowledge to an intelligent friend, who had the care of those animals and their keepers in their troublesome passage from the Havannah to Jamaica, the same which forms a prominent subject of the history already given to the public on the occasion.

'Among the remains of the Buccaniers, (which are every where prevalent in St. Domingo and its vicinity, in the different *Trow's* which retain their names, and several local expressions,) are the costume and mode of life, in the Spanish chasseurs who conduct the blood-hounds. The hog-skin trowsers drawn on their limbs, warm from the animal, whenshot wild in the woods, and the mode of preparing their food, (*boucaner*, a name at present synonimous with cooking in the island,) being common to both; and, in fact, every part of their dress, their migratory life, power of forbearance, and savage habits in the woods, all exhibit the ancient Buccanier in the modern Chasseur; and the portrait of the one when young, robust, and daring, is a very complete resemblance of the other.

The character of these people differed somewhat in the numbers which joined the French army, and were increased by tyros, when their operations became such a favorite relief in the actions between it and that of the blacks.

With respect to the dogs, their general mode of rearing was latterly in the following manner. From the time of their being taken from the dam, they were confined in a sort of kennel, or cage, where they were but sparingly fed upon small quantites of the blood of different animals. As they approached maturity, their

keepers procured a figure roughly formed as a negro in wicker work, in the body of which were contained the blood and entrails of beasts. This was exhibited before an upper part of the cage, and the food occasionally exposed as a temptation, which attracted the attention of the dogs to it as a source of the food they wanted. This was repeated often, so that the animals with redoubled ferocity struggled against their confinement while in proportion to their impatience the figure was brought nearer, though yet out of their reach, and their food decreased, till, at the last extremity of desperation, the keeper resigned the figure, well charged with the nauseous food before described, to their wishes. While they gorged themselves with the dreadful meat, he and his colleagues caressed and encouraged them. By these means the whites ingratiated themselves so much with the animals, as to produce an effect directly opposite to that perceivable in them towards the black figure; and, when they were employed in the pursuit for which they were intended, afforded the protection so necessary to their employers. As soon as they were considered initiated into their business, the young dogs were taken out to be exercised in it, and trained with as much exactness as possible. In some instances this extended to a great length, but in general their discipline could not permanently retain them under the command of their leaders: the consequence is obvious.

The common use of them in the Spanish islands was in chace of runaway negroes in the mountains. When once they got scent of the object, they immediately hunted him down, unless he could evade the pursuit by climbing up a tree, and instantly devoured him: if he was so fortunate as to get from their reach into a tree, the dogs remained about it yelping in the most dreadful manner, till their keepers arrived. If the victim was to be preserved for a public exhibition of cruelty, the dogs were then muzzled, and the prisoner loaded with chains. On his neck was placed a hoop with inverted spikes; and hooks outward, for the purpose of entangling him in the bushes, or elsewhere. Should the unhappy wretch proceed faster than his wearied pursuers, or attempt to run from them, he was given up to the dogs, who instantly devoured him. With horrid delight the chasseurs sometimes preserved the head to expose at their homes, as monuments of their barbarous prowess.—Frequently on a journey of any length these causes were, it is much feared, feigned for the purposes of relieving the keepers of their prisoners, and the inhuman wretch who perpetrated the act, on his oath of having destroyed his fellow creatures, received the reward of ten dollars from the colony!

If the most dreadful accidents among the blacks were ascribed, and it is apprehended justly, to the troops of blood-hounds in the very spots on which they were reared, what was not to be expected on the seat of war, amidst innumerable prejudices, and the powerful motive of self-preservation? when every one conceived himself justified in contributing an act of barbarity to the common cause, while it arose, perhaps, out of his own cruel disposition. The writer shrinks from the task of description in this place, yet the concealment will not excite the detestation he urges against the very idea of ever again introducing these animals under any pretext to the assistance of an

army. But indifferently kept, the dogs frequently broke loose in the vicinity of the Cape, and infants were devoured in an instant from the public way! At other times they proceeded to the neighbouring woods, and surprizing an harmless family of laborers at their simple meal, tore the babe from the brest of its mother, or involved the whole party, and returned with their horrid jaws drenched in the gore of those who were acknowledged, even in the eyes of the French army, as innocent, and therefore permitted to furnish them with the produce of their labor. Huts were broken into by them, and *

The picture becomes too dreadful for description even for the best of purposes.'

We here take leave of this work, which is intitled to approbation as a clear account of transactions which will probably lead to much greater changes on the face of the globe than are at present apprehended. It is not perhaps possible for a contemporary writer to reason with perfect impartiality on events of such strong and immediate interest. Captain Rainsford appears to be greatly disposed to speak with favour of the Africans who have vindicated their liberties. The treachery and cruelty of their white oppressors are drawn in glowing colours, but the ferocity of the slaves appears to be less willingly displayed.

ART. IX.—*Zofloya; or, the Moor: a Romance of the Fifteenth Century, in 3 Vols. by Charlotte Dacre, better known as Rosa Matilda; Author of the Nun of St. Omer's, Hours of Solitude*, &c. 12*mo*. *London*. Longman and Co. 1806. *Price* 12*s*.

THIS novel abounds with characters of mischief and vice, drawn with little preparation, and employed in adventures which constitute a plot not remarkable for its art nor striking in its management, but so closely imitated from Lewis's Monk, as to force the reader upon a comparison between the two works incomparably to the prejudice of the one before us;—this novel is, notwithstanding, sufficiently striking for its occasional strength of description and exhibition of persons to entitle it to our notice somewhat more fully than those articles which are concisely enumerated in our Catalogue.

The author acquaints us that an historian who would wish his lessons to sink deep into the heart, in order to render mankind virtuous and more happy, must not simply detail a series of events, but must ascertain causes, follow effects, draw deductions from incidents, and ever revert to the actuating prin-

ciple of his narrative. Though this introductory declaration is not remarkable for its perspicuity, we think we understand it sufficiently to apply it to the work so prefaced; and from this work we gather that ladies, who marry very young, ought to take care not to fall in love with accomplished seducers; that in case such ladies should run away with their seducers, it will be particularly incumbent on their daughters not to turn out as bad as their mamas; and more especially, if the devil should appear to them in the shape of a very handsome black man, they must not listen to him,—for he will lead them from one crime to another, telling them the most horrible lies, and at length, when their crimes and the consequences have arrived at the utmost pitch, he will push them headlong from a rock, or finish their sublunary existence by some equally dreadful catastrophe.

We are well aware that the sublimest efforts of the imagination may be travestied and made ludicrous by a mere verbal effort, denoting very little ingenuity in the writer who may descend to such a performance. Far be it from us to court the smile which might be thus excited. By our present remark we mean to assert that Zofloya has no pretension to rank as a moral work. As a work of imagination or entertainment it will be read with some interest from the immediate incidents and the manner in which they are treated. Its merits as a whole or entire composition are very slender.

Victoria de Loredani, the daughter of the Marchese di Loredani, a Venetian nobleman, arrived at the age of fifteen at the period when the present narrative commences. Her mother Laurina was still in the meridian of beauty, and adored by her husband. A son, Leonardo, with the beautiful Victoria were the only children of their marriage. At the festival of the birth night of Victoria it was that Count Arnolph was introduced at the palace of the Marchese. Endowed with a form cast in Nature's finest mould, blessed, or rather cursed, with abilities to astonish and enslave, possessed of every rare and fascinating quality, he is described as naturally vicious, and callous to every sentiment of honor and delicacy; but the species of crime which most gratified his heart was to destroy, not the fair fame of the innocent object of his passions, but to take higher and more destructive aim. The delights of seduction were to him rendered tenfold more alluring when he could intercept the happiness of wedded love and involve a family in destruction! This man sought to seduce Laurina, the wife of his hospitable friend. He succeeded. His progress and success are described in language which, though polished, is nevertheless inflated, and shews more of declamation than knowledge of the human heart. Ardolph, though he had a real passion for Laurina, was not satisfied with possession and privacy. He determined to do more, and without any motive which we can perceive, excepting that the author

has determined it should be so, he resolved to blast the doating husband with a conviction of his dishonour, and to plunge his offspring in ruin and disgrace without remedy. He persuaded her to quit her home. Her wretched and desolate husband resolved to exert his fortitude and live for his children, but his son fled from what he conceived to be a scene of dishonour, and his daughter remained at home scorned by her equals on account of the disgrace of her mother. The Marchese one evening met the seducer of his wife; they fought with stilettoes, and the husband fell. His wound was mortal. He was carried home. Laurina, his wife, who had learned from Ardolph that her husband was wounded, flew to him, and appeared at the side of his death-bed. In the presence of Victoria she swears to preserve her daughter from bad example, and Loredani dies.

Laurina did not adhere to her oath, but met Ardolph, and soon acceded to a plan, agreeably to which she resided with her daughter in the villa of him who had destroyed her virtue and her fame. Among the company who resorted there was the Count Berenza, who became attached to Victoria. His pride forbade him to think of her as a wife; but he proposed a plan of cohabitation to the bold and youthful object of his desires; who, it seems, was impelled by pride and vanity to believe, not that Berenza looked down upon her state of disgrace, but that he thought marriage a degrading and unnecessary tie to love like his.

The mother of Victoria and her paramour judged very differently of the propriety of Victoria's intended arrangement. Laurina expostulated with her daughter, and in return had the distress to receive the most cutting reproaches respecting her own conduct. Ardolph, however, contrived means to induce Berenza to leave the villa; and afterwards, upon the pretence of a visit to a relation in the country, Victoria becomes placed in a situation of confinement. From a state of mortification and constraint she makes her escape, and, after some difficulties which are detailed with a considerable degree of interest, she finds refuge, protection, and undiminished love under the roof of Berenza. Determined as he was not to make her his wife, she directed some share of artifice, and being assisted by events to obviate his scruples by fixing his affections, she succeeded in becoming his wife.

At this period of the narrative our attention is recalled to the young Leonardo. But we shall not accompany him in his adventures, except where they are connected with the story of his sister. He was at this time enamoured of Megalena Strozzi, a Courtezan of Venice, who loved Berenza, and at whose commands he secreted himself in Berenza's dwelling, where in the attempt to execute his purpose, wounded his own sister. It was after the recovery of Victoria that she became

the wife of Berenza. The brother and his paramour had before fled from Venice from fear of discovery of their crime.

After the lapse of five years, Henriquez, the brother of Berenza, returned to Venice after a considerable absence. He was honourably attached to the young, the amiable and virtuous Lilla, a lady of elevated family but moderate fortune, who, her father being dead, was at that time resident with a female relation. As the time which propriety and her father's will required, for her to decline entering the marriage state was still far from being expired, she was prevailed on to become a resident visitor with her relation in the family of Berenza. Victoria had fixed her vicious affections upon young Henriquez, and then it was that in visions of the night her diabolical temper began to shew her the approaching felicity of the object of her desires with the charming Lilla, and at the same time the power which was possessed by Zofloya the Moor to reverse these prospects by the death of Berenza and Lilla. Zofloya, who is the Devil in the character of servant to Henriquez, is drawn as the subject of curiosity and interest. Accomplished and energetic, he obtains command over the mind of Victoria. Berenza dies by slow poison; the ancient relative of Lilla is also destroyed; Lilla dies by the hand of Victoria; by a diabolical delusion Henriquez imagines Victoria to be Lilla, and possesses her, but on discovery of his error he kills himself. Victoria flies with Zofloya. They become associated with banditti, commanded by her brother Leonardo, accompanied by Strozzi. The officers of justice surround the band, but fail to take their victims. Strozzi kills herself with a dagger, Leonardo also destroys himself, and Victoria is rescued by the demon Zofloya, in order that she may give herself to him, in due form, according to the accustomed rites and ceremonies of the infernal regions. Her conductor conveys her supernaturally to the border of a precipice, where the spirit of the beauteous Lilla and the ghosts of her murdered husband, with the other departed personages glide before her. Under the pressure of terror and despair, Victoria gives herself to the Moor, who then discloses himself as Satan the sworn enemy of created Nature. He seizes the victim of his snares and projects her headlong down.

Thus ends this mass of unqualified vice and unqualified mischief, began without plan, continued without preparation, and terminated by death in all its several parts, with little of contrast and still less of judicious arrangement. It must be confessed, however, that the author tells her tales of indiscriminate horror in many instances with great force, and if the plot had been more original, we doubt not that this Novel would have obtained an higher rank in the public estimation than it is now likely to acquire.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

ART. 22.—*Transactions of the Society instituted at London for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce; with the Premiums offertd in the Year* 1805. *Vol. XXI. sold at the Society's House, &c.* 8*vo.* 500 *p. with* 13 *Plates. Price* 10*s.* 6*d.* 1805.

THIS very flourishing and meritorious society continues to give energy to the national industry by its well-directed premiums, which greatly exceed in amount those of former years. Their volume for 1805, contains, 1. Offers of new premiums. 2. Agricultural improvements by various gentlemen. 3. New sheep sheers by Captain Shipley. 4. Extremely cheap paints made with fish-oil. 5. Method of cleaning raw feathers. 6. Machine for bending the wires of cards; porcelain stamps for printing; for cleansing chimnies; an improved crane; shoemakers' working apparatus; new quadrant and staff; a book case bolt, shutting upwards and downwards at once; stop for carriage wheels; telegraph; an expanding band-wheel; instrument for cutting the edges of paper; new latch-spring; various improvements in the construction of time-keepers, their escapements, compensations, &c. Under the article colonies and trade, we find an account of the Cadmay Galls from India, and various other useful products; and of the hemp and other products, encouraged by the Society, in Canada.

ART. 23.—*Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile in the Years* 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773. *By James Bruce of Kinnaird, Esq. F.R.S. The second Edition, to which is prefixed the life of the Author.* 8*vo.* 8 *vols. London.* Longman and Co. 1805. *Price* 4*l.* 16*s. boards.*

IN all the wide range of literature, there is, perhaps, no species of writing in which instruction and amusement may be mingled with more advantage than in books of travels: man is curious to learn the effects of climate, customs, laws, religion, &c. on the human mind and even on the body. This laudable impulse is implanted in us by the author of our nature, and cannot be damped by all the perils incident to travels even in thirsty deserts and voyages in boisterous seas. As a proof of this it is almost needless to recal to memory the avidity with which Mr. Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia and Nubia, an unbeaten track in a great degree, were read on the

publication of that work. When the thirst of curiosity was somewhat allayed, the reader naturally wished to know something of the authenticity of the relation, such as his birth, education, rank in life, his character for veracity in his intercourse with mankind, and the motives that impelled him beyond the ordinary ones we have just mentioned, to quit his paternal abode, to add a link to the plummet of human knowledge at the expence of health, security, and ease. The reader will find a satisfactory answer to all these suggestions in a plain unadorned narrative of the author's life prefixed to this edition.

We meet with some travellers who have penetrated into these immense regions—and many who have given geographical accounts of them—such as M. Palo lib. 3. c. 43. Proco Gaz. in 1. Reg. Marmol, lib. 1. c. 5. Linsc. Voy. c. 4. Domin. Niger Geograph. Tudel Itin. Scaliger de emerid. lib. 7. Stæphanos in Abaseni. Arias Montan. Append. Gesner. Methridat. Pestel Charnact. 12. Linguer. Pigafetta descr. Cong. lib. 2. c. 16. Urreta Hist. de Ethiop. Jarr. lib. 5. c. 31. Godig. lib. 1. c. 4.

The appendix to the first volume of this second edition is a valuable acquisition, and will serve to clear up many doubtful points: it contains a list of M. S. journals and other authentic writings, with which the printed narrative in these volumes has been compared, with several letters addressed to Mr. Bruce by men of consequence. This edition is much more respectably printed than the former.

ART. 24.—*Memoirs of Charles Macklin Comedian; with the Dramatic Character, Manners, Anecdotes, &c. of the Age in which He lived, &c. By William Cooke, Esq.* 8vo. *London.* Asperne.

THE life of a veteran actor, whose existence was prolonged for upwards of a century, of which near three fourths were actively employed in a course of theatrical and other active adventures,—of a man who in some casts of characters stood at the top of his profession, and who, for singularity and the original efforts of genius, constantly exercised a demand upon the public attention;—the life of such a man cannot but be highiy interesting, as well to those who saw him in the full vigour of his intellect, as to others who know him only by reputation. The collateral incidents attached to the life of Macklin constitute an history of the stage through a long and interesting period. Such an history is now given in the present spirited performance. It is indeed only a sketch; but it abounds with anecdotes, observation, and facts, collected with industry and related in a very entertaining manner. A few years would have obliterated a large part of them for ever, in the gulph of oblivion. Mr. Cooke has preserved them in a register, every page of which will afford pleasure and amusement.

Mr. Lemaistre has honoured the editor with remarks upon some assertions in the Review of his Travels in our number for May. As his observations are confined to matters of fact, we shall very enumerate them very concisely, and then leave the subject to our readers.

1. The author arrived at Lyons May 18th, at night, and left that town in the evening of the 22d. and consequently passed but *few* days in that town. 2. From various facts, he shews that the trade of Lyons had been almost ruined by the calamities of the revolution, the abolition of royalty, and of the Catholic religion, and that it was only beginning to revive in May 1802. 3. Mr. L. was not induced by any reports or information, to assert that the company of French officers is on all occasions avoided by the inhabitants of Geneva. For he himself during three months residence and intercourse with the principal inhabitants never once met a French officer at their Soireés. 4. The lady to whom Mr. Gibbon paid his addresses, as mentioned in the ludicrous anecdote concerning him, is a married woman still resident at Lausanne, and not the lady who afterwards became Madame Neckar. The incident related in M. L's. Travels is universally believed, and took place long after Mr. G. had become corpulent. 5. Mr. L. considers the accusation of having extended the size of his printed work, beyond that which the materials were entitled to claim, as the principal subject on which he is entitled by the liberality and candor of a literary review to make explanation. He remarks that a design of this nature, if it had existed, either on the part of his publisher or himself, would have been effectually answered by adopting the quarto form which is at present so universal. By adverting to the number of pages in each volume, exclusive of the tables of Contents and Index, he indicates that the materials could not have been condensed into two volumes, and he observes that an index, being an article of convenience to the reader and extra expense to the publisher, can never be ranked among the means of swelling out a book.

END OF VOL. I.